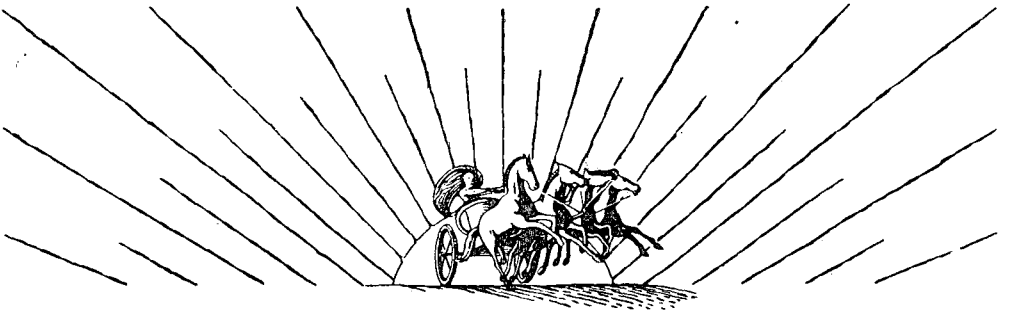

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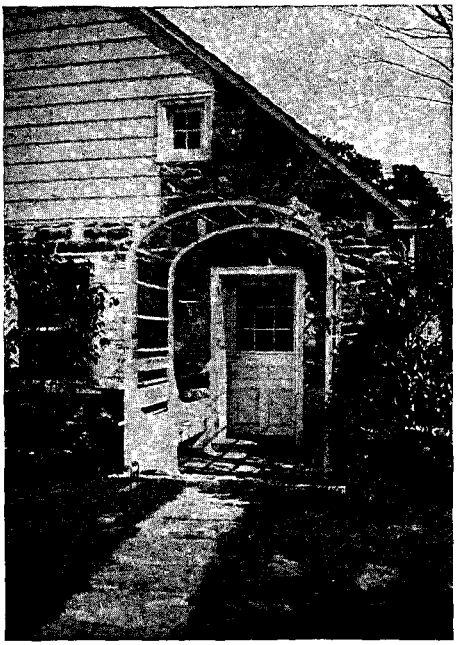

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THERE are no restrictions or hampering rules in the Atlantic contest. Any type of novel may be submitted. Any person may write it. The winner will receive the prize *not as an advance on* but *in addition to* book royalties, and will retain full dramatic and cinema rights. The publishers will mail to any who request it a pamphlet giving full details of the contest.

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THE GUIDE POST

READERS of Lloyd George's appeal to his Liberal constituents should keep several points in mind. The present quarrel between the wily Welshman and Lord Oxford originated during the war, when Lloyd George's Coalition succeeded the Asquith Cabinet. This offense rankles, and Labor has not forgotten his cavalier treatment of the Sankey Report on the coal industry made in 1919, which recommended nationalization of the mines. Finally, during the general strike — for which some hold him originally responsible—he committed the unforgivable sin of writing promptly — and in the Hearst press of all places — about conditions in England as he saw them. To have incurred the displeasure of men like Oxford, Grey, and Sir John Simon is enough to damn him in the eyes of many. Nevertheless, practically the whole Liberal press of England, except the *Westminster Gazette*, espouses his cause.

* * *

Our *Round Table* discussion of the future of Europe comes from a Liberal organ which believes that the salvation of the world depends on the widening of European, and above all of British, spheres of influence. It corresponds roughly to our own less evangelical supporters of the League of Nations.

* * *

Robert de Traz, editor of the *Revue de Genève*, has written a book on his travels in the Near East, from which we are publishing two excerpts this week and next. *La Semaine Littéraire*, in which they originally appeared, is a literary weekly published in French at Geneva and appealing to the French-speaking element in Switzerland.

* * *

Paul Morand is just about the cleverest young writer in France, if not in all Europe. American readers who have not yet made his acquaintance in the English translations of *Open All Night*, *Closed All Night*, and *Lewis and Irene* have a treat in store. He has spent much of his life in the diplomatic service, where he has found most of his literary material. The *Nouvelle Revue Française*, in which his writings frequently appear, also publishes Proust—who, by the way, wrote the preface to Morand's first book of stories.

* * *

Georg Brandes is chiefly known as the foremost interpreter of that episode in European culture dominated by Ibsen and Nietzsche. The paper *Politiken*, from which our article is taken, is a Copenhagen daily of moderate convictions.

* * *

Desmond MacCarthy, who contributes a weekly article on the drama to the *New Statesman*, is at his best in 'The Wandering Elder.' His victim, Mr. C. K. Munro, has been hailed by many critics as the white hope of the young British theatre. It is, however, characteristic of the *New Statesman's* radical independence to deal so severely with a man whom it is generally considered rather knowing to praise. Two of Mr. Munro's plays have been produced in New York.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 330 — *JULY 17, 1926* — NO. 4280

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

Middle-of-the-Road Germany

DESPITE the bitterness of the campaign to expropriate the royal property, which has unquestionably left unhealed wounds behind it, the outcome of the plebiscite of June 20 was comforting in a degree to all the contestants. The Radical Parties made a powerful showing. They proved pretty clearly that Germany is not likely to retrace the steps she has taken toward popular government. Even *Le Temps*, which still regards the Teutons with distrust, declared unhesitatingly that the outcome would not prove to be a monarchist manifestation — 'at least in the categorical sense of the word that we attach to it in France. But it is a declaration in favor of social order, or, better said, of moral order. In recognizing that the dethroned Princes should be indemnified for the wealth that has been taken from them, the Germans are asserting the sanctity of private property rather than their monarchist sympathies.'

In fact, unedifying incidents occurred in the scramble of members of old princely houses to recover their property that discredited them among even their loyal admirers, robbed them of their glamour, and made them seem of very common clay. Among details placarded all over the country was the fact that not a single mark of Kaiser Wilhelm's forty-three millions of personal savings — nearly forty millions of which he had thriftily accumulated during the previous twenty years — was invested in war loans. Instead, the canny monarch had put his money into substantial war-profiteering industries and into gilt-edge securities, partly abroad. *Kölnische Zeitung*, the first German newspaper to reach our desk since the election, characterized the 'victory' as a defeat of Marxian doctrines rather than of republicanism. 'Wiping out the private property of the Princes was intended to be the first step toward socializing the State.' This journal points out that the sum involved was by no means as large as popularly assumed. The total property of the dispossessed aristocrats was probably worth between one and one-half and two and one-half billion marks, — perhaps in the neighborhood of one-half billion dollars, — but that sum was not involved in the contro-

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versy, for the different States had already settled with their Princes for about fifteen per cent of the par value of their property. In Prussia, under the Compromise of 1925, the Hohenzollerns were to get seventeen per cent. It is this sum that was in dispute. Nevertheless, about forty per cent of the registered voters cast their ballots against even this settlement.

It is significant, also, that in the midst of the royal property campaign the Social Democrats made sweeping gains in the Mecklenburg election, where they added well toward forty per cent to their votes two years ago in this traditional stronghold of the Conservatives. To be sure, those gains were largely at the cost of the Communists, but they accompanied more than correspondingly heavy losses for each of the reactionary Parties, and left the Social Democrats by far the strongest single group in the Landtag.

Out of Receivership

EARLY in June, just after Mr. Jeremiah Smith, our Yankee financial adviser at Budapest, had so gracefully retired from his duties in Hungary and returned his one-hundred-thousand-dollar honorarium to the people of that country, Dr. Zimmermann, the League of Nations financial controller of Austria, bade Vienna adieu. But the League surrendered in some measure its supervision of Hungary's finances less graciously than it did its control over Austria. Budapest has seriously compromised itself in European opinion by its quasi-official counterfeiting scandal, which was the subject of some scathing remarks by M. Briand at Geneva. These forgeries do not, however, affect Hungary's financial position. She has fulfilled her undertakings; her Budget shows a surplus for the past two years of over 150 million gold crowns; her currency is now on a gold basis; and the civil service has been reduced by twenty-five thousand employees, or ten thousand more than specified in the League requirements.

It is not to be assumed that Austria leaves the care of the League's trained nurse a sturdy convalescent, or that she will be permitted her own discretion in respect to the rules of health imposed upon her. Her use of such balances as are left of the loan granted her by the League will still be under the latter's control. Moreover, she must have additional credits from some foreign source if she is to carry on, and these are likely to be granted only subject to onerous oversight. Her industries are still depressed, and promise to remain so until the new tariff barriers built up around her since the war are lowered. Nevertheless, Austria is declared financially sound by the League's economic advisers. She has dismissed more than eighty thousand officials in the course of her administrative reforms, her Budget is balanced, and her currency is stable.

The withdrawal of League control is particularly gratifying to the Social Democrats, who have opposed it from the first; but that Party is engaged in such a bitter fight with the Christian Socialists, its principal opponents, over the control of the public schools, that other matters are largely forgotten. Indeed, so bitter is the dispute on this issue that it threatens to result in street disorders unless the Parties agree upon a compromise. Such a settlement was nominally reached, by which the Clericals were to run the schools where they had a majority, and the Socialists were to run the schools in districts under their control, including Vienna; but this arrangement is said to have been repudiated subsequently by both Parties.

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At Geneva Mr. Chamberlain favored a lenient attitude toward Hungary, while France was relentlessly insistent upon keeping its Government under close control. Pertinax, writing in *L'Écho de Paris*, characterized Hungary as 'the victim of a band of prætorians and bullies ruling by terror. Before the war thirty-five million gold kronen were appropriated for police expenses. In the last Budget this sum was fifty-five million. There is no such thing as an honest election. . . . There is no such thing as safety for property or person. . . . Last year spy cases multiplied and a dozen people were condemned to death. . . . The Budget is balanced, to be sure, and the financial purists of London and New York may say they are satisfied. But the people are bled for the benefit of a little oligarchy. While war widows and orphans and cripples are left practically destitute and the social-welfare functions of the Government are neglected, a huge general staff is maintained headed by an army of generals and colonels.' Jules Sauerwein, writing on the same subject in *Le Matin*, bewailed the sacrifice of political prestige that France must make on account of the depreciation of the franc. 'The influence of the pound sterling is becoming harder and harder to oppose. French policy, even when most reasonable, is constantly checkmated by Anglo-Saxon gold. . . . Little British islands are forming at this moment in both Europe and Asia. It would not be so bad if the inhabitants of these islands were not doctrinated with the idea of preventing stabilization and a Continental understanding. But a Government [like that of Great Britain] which gives its official protection to Count Bethlen, the head of the Hungarian secret societies, will speedily lose the right to be the spokesman of European peace.' We are to assume, therefore, that the Negro in the European woodpile is generally a yellow boy.

The Red Army

One real achievement of the Soviet Government during the last eight years has been the creation of an army. The Bolsheviki had to start at the beginning, for the forces of the Tsar, demoralized by defeat and revolution, and self-demobilized, left nothing behind them but mutinous precedents and misfit equipment. Foreign invasion and civil war compelled the revolutionary leaders to improvise immediately a substitute for the old army, and the Red Guards, a body of troops ultra-revolutionist in theory and organization, were enlisted. They were recruited from volunteers, elected their own officers, and were largely self-disciplining and self-administering through the agency of their company and regimental Soviets.

As the new Government crystallized into fixed forms, however, it reorganized its military forces, introduced universal service, — in time of war, for women as well as men, — and created a bi-partite defense force, consisting of regular troops and militia, which now numbers about half a million men.

One of the first steps toward creating this army was to train an entirely new officers' corps, recruited not only from the proletariat but from the Communist proletariat. It soon proved necessary to abolish the election of officers in favor of a system of appointment, and in order to secure technically qualified men many Tsarist officers were given army posts. But these relicts of the old régime were kept under the eye of political commissars, and intelligent workingmen who had been noncommissioned officers in the

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Imperial Army were promoted to higher rank.

To-day most of the old Tsarist officers — or specialists — have been eliminated from the service, and tried and tested Communists, trained in the elaborate system of military schools organized by the Soviet Government, have taken their place. Consequently the political commissars have lost their importance; and though they are still attached to the army, their present functions are mainly to educate the rank and file.

In fact, the army is regarded under one aspect as an educational institution. Although compulsory service does not begin until the age of twenty-one, recruits are received at nineteen for preparatory instruction, and all are supposed to learn to read and write while in the army, and to be initiated into Communist doctrines as well as subjects of more direct application in their career. Only a small portion of each year's class enters the regular army. A majority are called to the colors for only a few weeks each year to receive militia training. Members of the bourgeoisie and of the 'nonreliable' Socialist parties and classes are not admitted to active service, but pay a substitute tax instead, or are enlisted in 'labor battalions.'

All the usual arms of the service are maintained. The cavalry is especially excellent; and there is said to be an aviation corps. The most interesting body of troops, however, and one that is not found in most armies, is the 'G. P. U.,' or political gendarmerie. These form the élite of the Soviet army, corresponding to the guard regiments of the old Imperial establishment. They have distinctive uniforms, and their purpose is primarily to maintain domestic order and to protect the Government from uprisings among the people. They include practically no artillery, but consist almost entirely of cavalry and infantry, with strong machine gun, tank, and armored automobile formations; and they are specially trained in street fighting.

Altogether, Soviet Russia has what is represented to be one of the largest and most efficient defense establishments in Europe. But these troops are recognized to have little offensive potency. The rank and file consists of peasants, who are not to be enticed into foreign campaigns. That, in the opinion of acute observers, including German military men who have recently visited Russia, is the decisive factor to consider in reckoning upon a Russian threat to world peace. The Soviet Federation is practically unattackable, but it is also incapable of making war on a modern scale beyond Russia's boundaries.

Little Entente Affairs

CZECHOSLOVAKIA, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, represented by their respective Foreign Ministers, recently had a brief Little Entente conference at Bled, which was terminated abruptly, it is said, by Rumania's announcement that she had concluded a defensive alliance with Poland against Russia. Dr. Beneš and Mr. Ninčić disapproved the treaty as anti-Russian. The Little Entente's relations with France and Italy are also said to have been a disturbing issue. General Averescu's Cabinet in Rumania is very friendly to Italy. The General's wife is an Italian lady, and he always has been an admirer of that country. Mussolini's refusal to guarantee Bessarabia, lest he offend Moscow, with whom he is anxious to stand on good trading terms in the Black Sea, has caused some tension in the past between the two 'cousin countries.' Even the present rapprochement has not induced Mus-

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solini to commit himself on Bessarabia; but the English press reports that Italy has loaned her Rumanian friends two hundred million lire. As the rate of emission, however, is 87, Bucharest really receives only 174 million lire; in fact she does not get that, for the Italian Government is reserving two years' interest at eight per cent in advance, which reduces the figure to 158 million. This loan is for the purpose of enabling Rumania to buy submarines from Italy in order to defend her coast against a Russian naval attack in the Black Sea. It has not been decided just how the submarines will be taken through the Dardanelles, which are controlled by Turkey, who is supposed to be Russia's ally.

Presumably, however, these financial and naval negotiations did not preoccupy the three Foreign Ministers at Bled, although it is surmised that the relations of the Little Entente to Italy were discussed there. Beneš, who is thoroughly pro-French and by no means pro-Fascist, is relied upon in Paris to prevent serious shifting of the Little Entente's orientation toward Rome.

Nor is there much likelihood that Yugoslavia will move in that direction, if we are to trust Belgrade papers, which have recently published a number of alarmist articles dwelling upon Italy's alleged intrigues against their country. On June 10 *Politika*, an authoritative journal of that city, printed an illustrated account of an Albanian expedition against the Serbs said to have been inspired by Italy. The latter country has obtained important mining concessions in Albania, and the right to construct railway lines from Durazzo and other ports to the Yugoslav frontier. To its intervention is also attributed a recent proclamation making the Greek Patriarch head of the Albanian Church — a diplomatic victory for Greece, to be sure, but one with which the secular authorities at Rome are said to sympathize. Another Belgrade paper, *Politicki Glasnik*, is disturbed over the loan which Bulgaria is attempting to float, nominally to assist the refugees who are overflowing the country. It opines that Sofia really wants the money to finance the famous Macedonian Committee, which is laboring to detach part of the territories assigned to Yugoslavia at the end of the war from their present allegiance and to transfer them to Bulgaria.

A Proposed Bank of Nations

ACTION may not be a conspicuous attribute of the Geneva conferences, but their discussions are certainly original and suggestive. Among the proposals called forth by the late Economic Conference under the auspices of the League is a so-called Busch project, which contemplates, first, establishing adequate guaranties for international obligations, and, second, creating an international body to organize and control international credits and international exchange.

To accomplish the former object it is suggested that every nation in the League should deposit in an international bank, created for that purpose, a sum in gold proportionate to its population and resources. Against this the bank would issue to the Government in question an equal quantity of international bank notes. In addition, each depositor Government would be permitted to issue and circulate in its own country bills to the total value of the difference between the quantity issued to that Government by the international bank and the quantity it might have issued under its national laws had the money been deposited in its own treasury. Our readers will bear in mind that most countries do not

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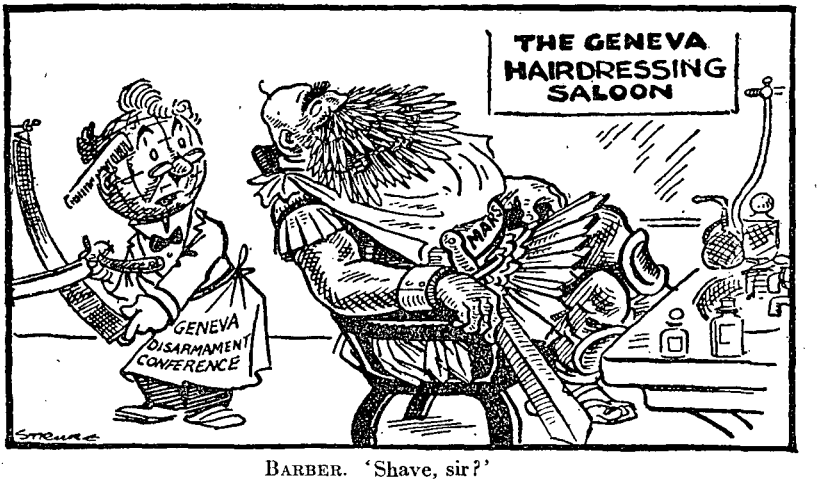
require a one-hundred-per-cent reserve back of their bank notes, as the United States does with its gold certificates, and as the proposed international bank would do.

This plan would provide a world currency unaffected by the vicissitudes of international exchange, and at the same time it would place a pledge in the hands of the League which that body could employ against a nation that defaulted in its international obligations. For example, suppose that Government A were to deposit two hundred million dollars in gold in the League's bank. The bank would then issue two hundred million dollars in international bank notes to the Government in question. But if the latter required at home a gold reserve only one third as large as its circulation, it could issue in addition four hundred million dollars of notes against its international deposit. Now assume that the State in question is inclined to resist the League — naturally in some matter where it has obligated itself to respect its decisions. In that case the entire deposit would be sequestrated by the League to redeem the international bank notes issued to its Government, but the reserve behind four hundred million dollars of that Government's local currency would vanish in the air. This would constitute a sanction that hot-headed and impulsive politicians would hesitate to disregard.

Those who object that such a scheme trespasses too far upon the rights of individual Governments and the functions of private financiers are reminded that international finance is already a semipolitical dictator in the world, and that alien money Powers have many a so-called independent Government in their grasp. In fact, it is argued that the proposed League bank would be an emancipating, rather than a shackling, agency, especially for the economically weaker nations.

DISCUSSING DISARMAMENT AT GENEVA



BARBER. 'Shave, sir?'
MARS. 'No — hair-cut!'

— *Daily Express*, London

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I AND THE LIBERALS[1]

BY DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

When I am in trouble I find myself instinctively turning toward the Liberals of my native city. (*Hear, hear!*) And I have come here to-day to talk to them quite frankly. (*Hear, hear!*) I apologize for taking so many busy men from their diversions and recreations on a bright June Saturday afternoon to discuss so sorry a business. (*Hear, hear!*) Believe me, I am not to blame for it.

There were differences of opinion among Liberals as to the best line to take during the strike. The settlement of strikes is a very difficult business. I have had more experience, probably, than any politician in seeking to accommodate industrial differences. And it is never very easy to make up your mind as to the best line to take. If there ever was a case where differences were permissible, where there ought to be toleration, it is in the settlement of a strike. (*Hear, hear!*) But it is not the differences that matter; it is the publicity which has been given to them. There were differences in other Parties as to the strike. There were very serious differences among the Labor leaders. There were serious differences among members of the Government as to the strike. And that was natural. But we were the only Party that insisted upon advertising those differences to the public. Now that is the whole difference, and that is where the trouble has come in. (*Hear, hear!*) And the worst of it is that the publicity as to our differences was given days and days after the whole cause of the difference had passed away. (*Hear, hear!*)

It was not a continuing difference. It was something that was exhausted and past, and there are signs that publicity was considered more important than the merits of the dispute. I was not permitted to discuss these differences in private, where they ought to have been thrashed out. Well, it has had undoubtedly, for the time being, a very shattering effect on the Party, I fear — a good deal of chaos and depression, and of earnest Liberals not knowing what to do. In the North Hammersmith election it was disastrous. We had there a very popular local candidate, one of the most highly respected men in the neighborhood, who would have done very well but for this — he told me that himself. But anyone who looks at the figures can see that the effect of the publication of this correspondence was to drive between two and three thousand Liberals into the Labor ranks for the time being.

There is no doubt about its seriousness. Why was it done? Honestly, I cannot tell you. It was twelve days after the 'Shadow Cabinet' meeting which I had not attended; it was eight days after the general strike; and although I did not agree that things in this country had returned to normal, I had a right to assume that, as far as the differences in the Party over the general strike were concerned, things had returned to normal.

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *June* 7

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I was walking peaceably along my path, when suddenly I was assailed by an angry Bull of excommunication. (*Laughter*) Now I remember several splits in the Liberal Party. We are not the only Party that splits. I have heard of splits in the Tory Party. I remember the Home Rule split; I remember the split over the Boer War. (*Hear, hear!*) I remember, of course, the split over the Great War. All those were on vital questions of principle or of action.

They were differences which were worthy of the dignity of a great Party. Who can say that this is? What is it? I really am bewildered to answer. But I will try to give an answer, which I can only gather from the correspondence, because I have had no opportunity of seeing my colleague, although I sought him, because I thought these things ought to be discussed in private, not in public. (*Hear, hear!*)

What is it? In giving the answer I will do my best not to make the precarious chances of Liberal unity any more desperate. As far as I can see, the first reason is my nonattendance at one meeting of the Liberal 'Shadow Cabinet.' Well, as I have already explained, I kept away so as not to accentuate a division of opinion between ourselves which, I thought, was bound to be temporary. Whether I was right or wrong is another matter, but it surely is not enough to rend the Party from top to bottom. There are colleagues of mine whose signatures are appended to that document who hardly ever attended the Cabinet. They have not been expelled. There are colleagues of mine whose signatures are there who defied, openly, the decisions arrived at by the 'Shadow Cabinet.' I have not — never. Whenever there was a difference of opinion and we came to a decision, I respected that decision. (*Hear, hear!*) And yet their names are among the inquisitors who consigned me to the stake! (*Laughter*) I apologize to the Holy Office; it never condemned anybody unheard.

But I am told now that I resigned. (*Laughter*) When did I resign? In the letter I wrote I made it clear that I was not going to attend the meeting that day. That was put in. That is not resignation. But they say it is constructive resignation. In the first letter written to me there was not a word to that effect — not a word to suggest, 'I accept your resignation.' But that would have been the proper thing if I had resigned. (*Hear, hear!*) Now, there was a second meeting, and there were some very able lawyers there (*laughter*), and the doctrine of constructive resignation was put forward. Now, if there is to be a split, let it be on a real quarrel and not on a rotten quibble. (*Loud and continued cheers*) I wish to speak respectfully of the twelve (*laughter*), and I say at once, it is not worthy of them as lawyers, politicians, or gentlemen. But they say they cannot put up any longer with me as a colleague. Well, it is a serious matter to split the Liberal Party on the question of whether I am an attractive colleague. (*Laughter and cheers*) Why am I not? (*Laughter*) As a rule I get on very well with people. I will tell you what it is. It is my instability. (*Laughter*) Now that is an old charge that has always been brought against any man who is alive. (*Loud and continued cheers*)

Movement, life — they are always unstable. It is only the stick-in-the-muds who are stable. (*Laughter*) They were there yesterday, they are there to-day, and they will be in exactly the same spot to-morrow. (*Laughter*) I am not speaking of anybody. I am only speaking historically. (*Loud laughter*) I will tell you what I have in mind. The charge was always brought

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against an infinitely greater man than any of us — Mr. Gladstone. (*Hear, hear!*) He was unstable. I began my political career at the time of the greatest glory of his leadership, and it was always the charge the Whigs brought against him — that he was unstable. They said: 'You charged Mr. Parnell with marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire; you put him in jail without trial, and you are to-day asking us to do the very thing you imprisoned Mr. Parnell for. What unstable people you are!' 'We were there in 1881,' they say, 'and we are still in the same spot.' They said: 'We who remain where we were years ago — we are the grand immutables of the Party.' (*Laughter*)

I want to know when they discovered that I was a person they could not live with. I have attended that 'Shadow Cabinet' — God help me! — more often than any other of Lord Oxford's colleagues. I have never had a personal difference with him during the whole of that time. I never had a disagreement with him at the end of the discussions in them. The first disagreement was over this one Cabinet, and I am to be turned out for that!

What is the impression conveyed by these letters? There is something behind them. (*Cheers*) There is a suggestion of constant friction, constant disagreement, constant rows. Well, if there were, they must have been, in my absence, among the others. (*Laughter*) I never saw these rows when I was there.

Let me give you one or two quotations. The last transaction between Lord Oxford and myself was this. I said to him just before the strike: 'My constituents say that I went to Paisley with you, and they press you to return the compliment and come to Carnarvon.' He said: 'I shall be delighted.' He said that to a colleague he cannot live with any longer! The meeting was fixed for July 3. That was the last transaction I had in the flesh with Lord Oxford until I received this communication.

I come to the others. There is Mr. Runciman. (*Laughter*) He says he has made up his mind that it is impossible to have me as his colleague. He said so last night at Swansea. This time last year he addressed a meeting at Swansea where I was present. He moved a vote of thanks to me. I had just been elected — I am not sure it was not on his proposal — chairman of the Welsh National Liberal Federation for about the twenty-fifth time. And this is what Mr. Runciman said then — that he had never risen to perform a duty with greater pleasure (*laughter*) than he had in bringing forward a vote of thanks to their president that afternoon. (*Cheers*) Mr. Runciman added that he himself was the youngest Welsh member, while their president had grown gray in the service. (It moves me to tears.) He said that I had been president of the Federation for nearly a generation, and there was no Welshman so fully entitled to that distinguished position as Mr. Lloyd George — that, in fact, because of my personal record, national prestige, and international reputation, no man living was more entitled to the honor. That is what Mr. Runciman thought a year ago — and now I am not fit to live with! (*Laughter*)

Well, now, let me give you one or two others. Lord Grey published a book last year in which he wrote in most eloquent terms of the services I rendered to the country in a much greater emergency than the general strike. (*Cheers*) A few months afterward he says that he cannot associate with me.

There is my friend Sir John Simon. I spoke in his constituency a few

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months ago at his request. I tell you this to show that there was no quarrel between us as colleagues. Sir John Simon on that occasion proposed the health of British trade coupled with my name, and he indulged in a panegyric upon me which made my ears tingle, and made me proud of the fact that for sixty-three years I had had a personal acquaintance with the man who merited such encomiums. (*Laughter*) And the words he used are not inappropriate at the present moment. He said: 'If British trade needs for its recovery the spirit of comradeship, unquenchable optimism, the seeking of new methods, and a cheerful and indomitable courage in the hour of darkness, how can a toast be more appropriate than a toast that couples with British trade and commerce the name of Mr. Lloyd George?' (*Loud cheers*)

I had enough spirit of comradeship for British trade and commerce, which we are all dependent upon, but I had not enough spirit of comradeship to be allowed to remain in the 'Shadow Cabinet.' (*Cries of 'Shame'*) There is another passage of his which is by no means inappropriate. 'If at any time,' he says, 'my right honorable friend is tempted to repine because he is the target of criticism' — I do not repine (*hear, hear*) — 'I think he will always be able to console himself by the reflection that nearly everyone who is criticizing him to-day has thanked God for him at some other time.' (*Prolonged cheers*) He was one of those who thanked God for me then. He now says he misled the Deity on that occasion (*laughter*), and that he needs a change of litany to 'thank God we are rid of him.'

And this is all within a year. They have changed in the twinkling of an eye, without any warning for me. I have not had a quarrel with one of them — not one. All within a year, and they say that they are doing it because I am unstable! Well, you can't split a great historic Party on this miserable, childish pretext. (*Cheers*) There is only one question of principle, and upon that I stand — and that is, if they mean to drum a man out of the Liberal Party because he has erred on the side of conciliation, with millions of British workmen in a great dispute, on that proposition I fight right through to the end. (*Great cheering*)

I might have been wrong in my judgment; it has yet to be proved (*hear, hear!*), but, if I am, this is peculiarly the place where Liberals ought to be tolerant. It is very sad, when old feuds have been closed, that fresh ones should be reopened. The old feuds had some basis in the workings of a great war, which was just like a deluge in which all were swept away from their moorings, where one man was swept there, another man was swept here. That always happened in war. There has never been a great war which has not produced serious divisions in the Party. They have always, luckily, been made up. And that was what happened in 1923. In 1923 Free Trade was menaced, not by Paris resolutions or safeguarding of industries, but by proposals for overthrowing the whole fiscal system on which the commerce and trade of this country had been built up.

It was a serious national menace, and we came together. Sir Alfred Mond said Lord Oxford and I had to be dragged together into the same room by the hair of the head. Well, there is a certain amount of truth in that. There had been hard blows delivered, not on one side only, but on both sides, and there were resentments, and both he and I knew there would be great difficulties in consequence. But we decided that you ought to subordinate personal

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susceptibilities, personal resentments, to the great common cause of fighting for freedom of trade in this country, and we took the risks. Well, I think that was right. There is only one way of putting an end to feuds when the occasion for them is past — only one way, and that is by stopping them. Hatred is like a recurring decimal; you can spend the end of your days in writing its figures, but as you go on each figure becomes more valueless. It ends in madness, and sensible people cut them at the very start with full stops put in a conspicuous place. That is what we did then. I am not sorry. (*Cheers*)

Ought we to begin now to revive old controversies? They say: 'You hit hard in 1918.' Well, they hit as hard as they could. And that is what happens in a quarrel. Everybody hits as hard as he can. I was engaged on other matters concerned with peace. I had very little time to give to anything outside those matters. If I had had, I have no doubt I might have taken a different course. But there was a quarrel, and I was hitting as hard as I could, having regard to the fact that I had much more important matters to consider. They were also hitting hard, both publicly and privately. But that was disposed of in 1923. What was the object of coming together in 1923 except to say that these should be treated as past transactions, not to be reopened? There might have been something to be said against our coming together, but there was everything to be said against our coming together and afterward reopening the matter — against saying to a man, 'Give me your hand; let us make it up,' and afterward hitting him on the jaw the first chance you got.

We decided to shake hands. They asked me to render certain assistance to the Party which it was sadly in need of at the time. I carried out that bargain, not merely literally, but liberally. (*Cheers*) What was the result? Before that we were two warring factions in the House of Commons, carrying no weight, creating merriment for the foes of Liberalism. We come back a powerful Party of 157, dominating the House of Commons. (*Hear, hear!*) No one gained more by Liberal reunion than the leader of the Party, Lord Oxford. Before that his voice only counted from the fact that he was a man of great distinction, great experience, and exceptional ability, and therefore bound to count from the personal point of view. But it did not count from the fact that he had any following that would fashion and shape the destiny of legislation or administration. He came back with a dominating voice, due to the fact that he held the balance in his hand. That was what Liberal reunion did.

We polled almost as many votes as the Labor Party. We were not so very hopelessly behind the Conservative Party. There was every chance and every prospect that if we went on Liberalism might regain its old ascendancy in the affairs of this Empire, which it had done so much to make the greatest democratic empire in the world.

I am not going to say a word as to what happened in 1924, and as to whether we made the best use of our opportunities. This is not the time to discuss that. We met with overwhelming disaster in 1924, and we were doing our best to rebuild, beginning almost at the bottom. Some of us were working very hard to make reunited Liberalism a success. I do not like to be in a concern which is not well run, and I always like to do my best to make it a success. And I worked hard upon research, original research, into vital questions of economic importance and social importance to the people. (*Hear,*

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hear!) Coal? Recommendations were made, and those of the Committee over which I presided in 1923 have been adopted by a Royal Commission since then. The same thing applies to electricity. And, with regard to land, I can only give you what Lord Oxford himself said about the work we did upon land. 'As to the excellence of the work that Committee has done,' he said, 'there is no division of opinion whatever — absolutely none. I think it is one of the most complete and masterly presentations of the case which, in a long political experience, I have read. I say that quite frankly, without any reservation or qualification.' It involved months and months of the hardest and most strenuous work and investigation, not merely in this country, but in other countries in Western Europe.

Well, I am sorry that this new split should have occurred. I am not here to dwell upon personal grievances. I am not in the habit of doing so. But, quite frankly, I have not had a square deal. (*Cheers*) This attack was sprung upon me without even a hint that it was going to happen. I was not even informed by Sir Godfrey Collins that there was anything being considered, although he was the whip of the Party of which I am chairman. Not a word; it was a complete surprise to me. I was in the House of Commons like himself; I could have been seen. There were three or four of my colleagues in the 'Shadow Cabinet' who were also members of the Parliamentary Party. Not a word from any. Twelve days after my offense of not attending the 'Shadow Cabinet,' eight days after the general strike had passed into the limbo of forgotten things, Lord Oxford's letter of excommunication kept in the whip's office a whole day without delivering it to me! Although they regarded time as of urgent importance, they would not give me that extra day. They took eight days to consider the letter; they would not give me four days to reply. Although I wrote and said I was traveling to the North and was motoring with my daughter down into Wales, they would not give me that time.

They would not make allowance for the fact that I was living in a remote part of Wales, where you can never be certain that a letter will be delivered by the first post in London, and especially with that dislocation of traffic which did not make it quite certain that even a Manchester letter always got there. They refused me an opportunity, although I asked it, to place my views before my colleagues. They deliberately excluded everybody who was supposed to be a friend of mine or in sympathy with me. Although they were members of the 'Shadow Cabinet,' they deliberately excluded them from their counsels when they were considering what they should do. Four or five members of the 'Shadow Cabinet' were deliberately left out so that I should not have a friend there to put in a word for me. (*Shame!*)

I was not allowed to speak for myself, and there a sentence was passed upon me, driving me out of the counsels of the Party. I was not allowed to have a friend to speak for me. I say that is contrary to every elementary principle of British justice and fair play. (*Cheers*) You don't treat even criminals in this country in that way. It is a wretched business, and it looks as though they had made up their minds to get rid of me, and thought that giving me a fair hearing might interpose obstacles in the way of their purpose.

But here I am not concerned about that which is past. I am still concerned for the future. (*Cheers*) Every man knows in his heart that this has been a ghastly blunder, and that the sooner we get out of it the better. I have

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never met a man who really defended it; but Liberalism is suffering from the concussion of the shock, and it can only recover by not constantly dwelling on the episode. Let us get back to work. You cannot found, but you can founder, a Party on personal squabbles. I mean myself to get on with the job I had in hand. (*Cheers*)

I have no longer the privilege of being a Liberal shadow. (*Laughter*) I have been driven out into the sunlight — not a bad thing. But I have no intention of accepting my dismissal from the Liberal Party. (*Cheers*) I may be driven out of shadow Liberal councils. I cannot be driven from Liberal platforms. (*Hear, hear!*) I see no sign of my being driven from the leadership of the Party in the House of Commons. But even if I were — and I should regret it — I would not alter my course. As long as the people of my constituency, who have stuck to me for thirty-six years and know me best, because I am one of them — as long as they continue to return me to Parliament, and as long as I have breath in my body, I will be a Liberal member of the House of Commons (*cheers*), with all that that means, all that it implies, and all that it involves. I am not going to be driven from my path of interpreting Liberal ideas in concrete proposals for emancipating the people from whom I have sprung from the evils that oppress them. I shall devote the whole of my energy, and such gifts as I possess, to that work. (*Cheers*) At this moment I am engaged with other Liberals in initiating an investigation, with the help of experts, into the complexities of our industrial system — the same kind of investigation, a thorough investigation, that we have had with regard to coal and with regard to electricity. And I am going on with it.

When interrupted by this outburst of concentrated and suppressed passion I was engaged in addressing an appeal to the nation to reconsider and reconstruct its land system. The working of our present land monopoly wastes the most valuable national asset; it deprives the nation of a healthy enjoyment of food, timber, and other necessaries that can be grown on our own rich soil, and it makes it more dependent than need be for its supplies from abroad, just when we are more restricted than ever in exports, visible and invisible. In the towns the monopoly has had the effect of driving millions of men, women, and children into congested areas which are unfit places for human beings to dwell and have their being, where they are deprived of light, air, and recreation. Children, the children of the people, are brought up, generation after generation, in an environment that cramps their manhood and makes it difficult for the little things to struggle upward to fitness, efficiency, strength, and citizenship. (*Hear, hear!*) I want to see a revival and a regeneration of the contentment, the happiness, and the health of our countryside — the countryside of this beautiful and bountiful land that God has given us. I want to see light and life for the children in our cities. Here is a task worthy of the concentrated and united effort of the great historic Party of human emancipation. These trivialities which have agitated me and others, and, I am sorry to say, have been agitating the Party and depressing it within the last few days — these are not to be compared for one moment with the demands of that holy crusade. In the words of old Thomas Browne I conclude: 'The animosities are temporary; the humanities last forever.' (*Prolonged cheers*)

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EUROPE AT THE CROSSROADS[1]

A 'ROUND TABLE' REVIEW

At the moment when he signed the Locarno Treaties in the Foreign Office, M. Briand dared to utter the belief that they foreshadowed a general European Union, in which national particularism and unhappy memories of the past would be sunk and forgotten. He added in a burst of clairvoyance these words, which now have a rather ominous ring: '*Si les accords de Locarno ne signifient pas cela, ils ne signifient pas grand'chose. S'ils n'étaient pas l'ébauche de la constitution d'une famille européenne au sein de la Société des Nations, ils seraient bien fragiles et réserveraient bien des déceptions.*'

To anyone who tries calmly to estimate the outcome of the recent events at Geneva, it must appear that M. Briand was entirely right. The entry of Germany into the League was not really thwarted by the *amour propre* of a South American State indifferent to the fate of Europe, but by the inability of Europe herself to compose her own quarrels and to set her own house in order.

It is no secret that Brazil's veto was tacitly welcomed by the delegates of many European countries at Geneva, including those of some of the principal 'Locarno Powers,' because the inspiration of Locarno was no longer in them. Old fears, old ambitions, old rivalries, were again afoot. During the three months since the solemn signature of the Treaties, these baneful influences had been hard at work, with the result that Europe came to Geneva once more divided and suspicious, no longer resolute to bury bygone quarrels and firmly to establish European coöperation. In other words, it was not the League which had failed, but Locarno. The spirit was no longer there, and without it no official declaration that the treaties still survived was of much avail. The ideal of a European Union was found still to be very distant. The constitution of a European family had signally failed to materialize. Without that, as M. Briand said, the treaties are mighty fragile and do not mean much. If Europe had been determined to work together and to take a further step toward her own salvation by admitting Germany frankly and unreservedly into the community of nations, neither Brazil nor any other country could have successfully withstood her united will. The real 'tragedy of Geneva' lay in the fact that such a will did not exist.

Of course, it is an occasion for the cynics to rejoice and to repeat that human nature is incorrigible and that nothing in this world ever changes for the better. There are no doubt quite a number of people besides the Fascisti who more or less openly exult at the prospect of international hatreds continuing unabated, with the probability of a good war occurring from time to time to stimulate a jaded and enervating civilization. The school of Bernhardi is not yet extinct in any country, but its numbers have greatly diminished and it may be generally

[1] From the *Round Table* (London Liberal Imperial quarterly), *June*

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disregarded. A larger class of persons will think it does not very much matter. Europe has never pulled together yet: to expect any such thing is chimerical, and everything will go on very much as always whether it pulls together or not.

That is a far more dangerous because a far more common illusion. When analyzed, it rests on the assumption that the European hegemony of the world, both political and economic, which was the most characteristic feature of the nineteenth century, still exists and is destined to continue. As long as Europe was the undisputed centre of the world's trade, the world's finance, and the world's military and industrial power, we could afford to quarrel among ourselves occasionally without doing ourselves any irreparable injury. The victor would obtain a rather larger share of the spoils of the other continents than the vanquished, but the supremacy of Europe as a whole would not suffer. The Great War would probably never have been fought if it had been clearly understood that this European supremacy was already menaced. Had it never been fought, Europe's lease of power would have been certainly prolonged. It is now beyond dispute, however, that it is rapidly declining, and that if the nations of Europe continue to regard themselves as self-sufficing economic units, capable of entertaining unlimited political and military ambitions at each other's expense, they will all alike pass through a period of pitiable internecine conflict culminating in a state of dependent insignificance in relation to the overwhelming economic power of the American, and particularly the North American, continent. Their history may well resemble that of the Greek city States, whose inability to settle their differences and rivalries in order to establish political federation and economic unity left them at the mercy of the rising Roman Empire. They had the satisfaction of feeling that their superior culture was adopted without being improved by their masters, just as we may feel that American civilization is essentially derived from Europe; but that can hardly have consoled them for the moral decay which their subjection to Rome inevitably produced.

These may seem fantastic and gloomy predictions, but there are many who subscribe to them both in Europe and in America. Mr. Houghton's contemptuous strictures of the disunion of the Europeans and of their incapacity to restore order in their own continent are violently resented in Paris and other European capitals, but Americans who know as little of Europe as most Europeans know of America perhaps see more clearly than we do the evils which beset us. The average American is completely unable to understand the apprehensions and the hostilities which haunt the lives of most European nations, because he is entirely ignorant of their historical origins. To him a few salient facts are obvious, which Europeans are usually incapable of seeing, because they are blind to anything beyond the European system in which they have moved and had their being during the past three centuries and which makes the background of their thought and the horizon of their vision.

The first simple fact that strikes the American with amazement is that, whereas the United States is an area of 3,617,000 square miles without a single tariff barrier, Europe, — excluding Russia, which is a separate system of Eurasian communities, — with an area of 2,100,000 square miles, possesses no less than twenty-six such barriers. The ordinary European either does not realize this fact at all, or, if he does,

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considers it as a fundamental axiom of nature which cannot be altered. When he travels across his own continent, he is perfectly accustomed to producing his passport and opening his baggage every few hours, whereas the American, who can traverse his continent for five consecutive days without any such formalities, regards them as intolerable anachronisms. He sees, too, that they are not merely an avoidable nuisance, but that they are a source and a symptom of profound economic weakness. They imply that the European Continent is incapable of developing its resources on the vast and untrammeled scale upon which things are conceived and carried out by the Fords and the Hoovers of the United States. They mean that there are hundreds of thousands of customs officials living on the public purses of Europe, whereas a few thousand can do the business of the United States. They unfortunately mean also that behind the *douaniers* there are millions of men actually or potentially under arms to protect the endless and intricate frontiers of Europe, whereas a few regiments suffice to police the thousands of miles which separate the United States from Canada and from Mexico.

When these facts begin to penetrate the mind of the American who knows nothing of European history, and who has crossed the Atlantic for the first time, he may surely be pardoned for thinking that the Europeans, though sometimes charming and often intelligent, are certainly impervious to common sense in a degree dangerously akin to madness. It is hardly to be wondered at if he thanks his forty-eight stars that he is not as other men are, and remains firmly resolved to keep out of a mess which passes his comprehension. Nor should it be supposed that these are merely the ignorant impressions of the casual tourist from the Middle West rushing from one European capital to another, gathering masses of inaccurate and undigested information by the way. They are shared by many of the highest authorities in the American finance and business world, who have devoted long study to the economic possibilities and impossibilities of Europe. What is perhaps even more important for Englishmen, they are likewise shared in a growing measure by our own fellow citizens in the Dominions. The mere fact that they had to be left free to adhere or not to the Locarno Treaties is evidence enough of their divergent attitude toward European problems from that which we in these islands are forced by our geographical and economic situation to adopt. This divergence of feeling and interest raises one of the most difficult questions of policy which the British Commonwealth is called upon to face.

To discuss in detail the decline of European influence in other continents would lead us too far afield. It is unnecessary to embark upon any elaborate philosophizing of history, as does Oswald Spengler in his remarkable book, *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*, to prove that European civilization has reached a point in the cycle of destiny at which its progressive decay has been decreed by fate. It is sufficient, in order to get the proper background for visualizing Europe's present situation, to make a few elementary comparisons between her power in 1875 and in 1926. Fifty years ago there was no continent which was not economically dependent on Europe. Today not only is North America completely emancipated, but she has actually become the universal creditor of Europe. As for South America, she no longer looks exclusively to London and Berlin to help her development,

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but is turning her eyes more and more toward Wall Street and the White House. The Monroe doctrine is no longer a mere theory, but is acquiring substance.

In Asia the war has given birth to a national consciousness in Russia, India, China, and Turkey which is giving them new powers of resistance to European control. Fifty years ago her peoples were the passive purveyors and purchasers who made the Eastern market the source of so much European wealth. They have now become imbued with European notions of political and economic independence. They too are worshiping at the altar of national self-sufficiency. They too are building their own factories, in which they are manufacturing goods for their own needs instead of buying them from Europe — and they are doing it largely with the aid of European machinery and European capital. They too are even imitating their European tutors in erecting tariff barriers of their own against European merchandise. This may well seem the final Nemesis on those who thought to build their own prosperity upon a protective basis, while insisting upon freedom of entry into Asiatic countries. Moreover, there is Japan, already one of the greatest military and naval Powers and on the way to become a great industrial country also, the standing example to the East that the Oriental is capable of rivaling the Westerner by adopting his methods. In Africa, European influence still predominates, though attenuated in some cases by the mandatory system. Even here, however, there are rumblings in Morocco and Egypt which seem to suggest that Europe's own love of political and economic freedom is being acquired by the subject races of yesterday.

All these things suggest that the outlook for the modern European is very different from that of Disraeli or Bismarck. In their day the superiority of European industry, European finance, and in the last resort European military power, was unquestioned because it was undeniable. That superiority has already been considerably diminished, mainly because the ideas which made Europe rich and powerful are being applied by other races to their own profit. This is in itself a tribute to the tremendous extension and penetration of which European culture has proved itself capable. Anyone who believes in the civilizing mission of Europe has no ground for complaint, but has rather every reason for pride in the immensity of her achievement. Nor, again, does it at all necessarily mean that Europe herself is doomed to crumble and collapse, if she is prepared to adjust herself to the new conditions which she herself has created in the world. What is certain, however, is that the political balance between the continents has definitely shifted, and will probably shift yet further. It follows that thinking on a narrowly national plane is already out of date. The nationalistic conceptions of the nineteenth century are no longer adequate to the changed conditions of the twentieth. If Europe is to hold her place in the world, she has got to think continentally. In other words, she must cease to be a purely geographical expression and must realize M. Briand's dream of a general European Union.

At first sight it might seem that such an ideal is further off than ever. The vitality of national sentiments and prejudices is too frequently illustrated by frontier incidents between Poland and Lithuania or between Greece and Bulgaria, or by an exchange of snarls between Signor Mussolini and Herr Stresemann. Nevertheless, all Europeans are not so bereft of common

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sense and the instinct of self-preservation as our average American might suppose. If anything is going to bring Europe together, it will not be political or military pressure, but economic. It is true that some have urged as a motive for European unity the menace of Russia on her eastern frontiers. If such a menace should show signs of developing into a real danger, it might have a great effect in inducing Central Europe to concert common means of defense instead of seeking to irritate each other's sore points. Already Poland and Rumania have concluded a defensive alliance. But generally speaking the Russian peril is not yet taken seriously. Although the Union of Soviet Republics constitutes a new group of States which is neither European nor Asiatic, but which lies between the two continents in a position where it may profoundly affect the future of both, its strength has been so sapped by the Revolution and its policy is still so undefined that its influence upon European affairs is for the present comparatively slight. On the political side it may be confessed that, apart from a certain mollifying and restraining influence which the League has undoubtedly exercised, little real progress has been made toward preparing the way for European unity.

In the economic field, however, a number of tendencies are at work in the direction of reducing the intensity of the economic strife between nations which underlies so many political conflicts and of paving the road toward international coöperation. As might be expected, most of the thinking along these lines is being done in Germany. For this there are a number of easily intelligible explanations. In the first place, Germany, as the greatest industrial country on the Continent, has the widest experience of international commerce, and therefore the best means of understanding the present trend of events in the world. Secondly, freedom for her export trade is as vital a necessity for her as it is for ourselves. Finally, German industry is founded on two traditions which fit it in a peculiar degree to understand the need for far-reaching combinations and the crippling effect of customs barriers upon economic prosperity. These two traditions are the *Kartell* and the *Zollverein*. The German genius is not individualistic. It believes in organization, and in most spheres of life has worked in the faith that every unit becomes stronger for forming part of a greater unit which coördinates and promotes the activities of the whole. Hence German industrialists have tended more and more to combine for purposes of price fixing and distribution instead of each individual manufacturer playing for his own hand without regard to the welfare of his industry as a whole. It follows that the idea of international cartels and industrial associations is the logical consequence of the guiding principle upon which German industry has been developed.

The second object lesson which makes the notion of a European economic union readily intelligible to the German mind is the *Zollverein*. Every German economist knows that it was the Customs Union which laid the foundation of Germany's phenomenal industrial expansion during the half-century preceding the war. Had the Reich remained divided into a number of small and warring economic entities, it would no more have become the greatest industrial Power on the Continent than would the United States have become the greatest industrial Power in the world had it been partitioned off into forty-eight States each pursuing an independent customs policy. Moreover, the Germans were taught another lesson by the *Zollverein*

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— namely, that economic unity not only produces material prosperity, but is also the precondition of any political federation. If Bismarck had not finally succeeded in consolidating and completing the Customs Union in 1868, would the creation of a united German Empire have been possible in 1871? Further, if the German Federation had not been firmly welded together by innumerable economic ties during the four decades which followed, who shall say that it would have successfully resisted all the disintegrating strains and stresses to which it has been subjected since 1918? The German example seems to show clearly that any sort of European union must have an economic basis, and that, once economic unity is achieved, the political mistrusts and antagonisms that now stand in its path might lose much of their acuteness.

This is the doctrine that is beginning to find wide acceptance in Germany. It is, in fact, only a further development on rather new lines of that preached by Friedrich Naumann in his famous book, *Mitteleuropa*, which made so much stir in the world when it was first published in 1915. It was written on the assumption that Germany would win, or at least would not lose, the war, and its principal aim was to advocate the economic and political union of Germany with the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. The premises on which it was based have been falsified by events. To effect the union of which Naumann dreamed would now require agreement not between two States but between seven, all filled with bitter memories; and four of them hardly yet accustomed to the intoxicating wine of full national unity and independence. As a scheme for the expansion of the Pan-German idea, Naumann's treatise has merely an historical interest, but it is all the more striking that the main lines of the economic argument upon which his thesis rests have not been thereby substantially vitiated. It remains applicable to the wider problem which now confronts Europe, and may be supposed to have largely influenced German thought in the direction of seeking a European *entente* in the economic field.

Naumann starts from the American standpoint. The day of the single nation is over; the future lies with groups of nations, of which three are already clearly in formation — the British, the Russian, and the American. Japan, he thinks, may form the nucleus of another Far Eastern group. There remains the question whether Europe will stick to her old-fashioned national units, or will follow the lead of the 'supernational syndicates' by forming a syndicate of her own. As he points out, 'groups of humanity will come into being because such new technical apparatus as steam power and electricity cannot work with State formations, which are still under the influence of earlier and now vanished forms of international intercourse. What is a territory of half a million square kilometres to-day? It has become a single day's journey.' 'The day is still distant when there shall be "one fold and one shepherd," but the days are past when shepherds without number, lesser or greater, drove their flocks unrestrained over the pastures of Europe. The spirit of large-scale industry and supernational organization has seized politics. People think, as Cecil Rhodes expressed it, "in continents." . . . In this age of extending State federations and Great Powers, Prussia is too small, and Germany too small, and Austria too small, and Hungary too small. No single States of this kind can survive a world war.'

The truth of this argument may be illustrated by a few figures comparing

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the economic strength of Continental Europe with the United States. The British Isles are omitted from this comparison, because, though closely linked to Europe, they belong to the British Commonwealth, which already forms a distinct group of nations. Russia is also omitted for a like reason. The comparison will show that, as a result of the war, America has increased the preponderance that was already making itself felt before the war. In 1913 the average monthly production of hard coal in the United States was 43,088,000 tons as against Continental Europe's 23,243,000 tons. In 1925 the disproportion had increased to 44,231,000 tons as against 22,131,000 tons, and it becomes all the more significant when it is remembered that all but five per cent of this huge American production is consumed for transport, manufacturing, and domestic purposes within the United States itself. In regard to pig iron the difference is even more striking. In 1913 the United States produced 2,601,000 metric tons per month, as against Europe's 2,514,000 tons, but in 1925 the American monthly output had risen to 3,082,000 tons, while Europe's had fallen to 2,143,000 tons. In crude steel the story is the same. In 1913 the United States produced 2,564,000 metric tons monthly to Europe's 2,532,000 tons, whereas in 1925 the American monthly output had attained 3,741,000 tons in contrast to the decline of Europe's production to 2,377,000 tons. Even in the matter of shipping an alteration in the balance may be found. Whereas in 1914 Germany, France, and Scandinavia owned 24.5 per cent of the world's tonnage and the United States only 6.3 per cent, in 1925 the latter's share had risen to 20 per cent, while that of the maritime countries of the Continent had fallen to 18. In whatever direction one looks at the statistics, they point to a similar result. Although her population is only about two fifths of that of Europe, the United States produces more maize, oats, and cattle than all the countries of Continental Europe put together, to say nothing of cotton, oil, and copper.

The general effect of all these figures is clear. The principal result of the war has been so to impoverish Europe and to arrest her economic progress that American production has outstripped hers to an extent which, under present conditions, there is no hope of making up. No doubt America was already gaining ground rapidly before 1914, but the destruction of wealth and the burden of debt which the war entailed enormously accelerated the process. Had such a result been foreseen, perhaps the war would never have taken place. In any case, the present position is accurately summed up by a German economist as follows: —

> Up to the end of the nineteenth century the United States's economic and political situation in the world was still more or less comparable with that of any single great European Power, and she was regarded as being on the same footing as England or Germany, for instance, for the purpose of economic calculations and statistics. She stood alongside them as one of three principal units in the economic constitution of the modern world. Since then, however, she has shot ahead of them with great rapidity. In her activities and standing she has begun to develop on a continental scale. She has towered up in such a way that to compare her with the separate States of Europe now must seem out of date and that the latter are more and more obliged to set a united Europe against her as an economic unit — *ihr einen gesamteuropäischen Weltwirtschaftskörper gegenüber zu stellen* — in order to arrive at any correct estimate of her strength.

Moreover, if America confined herself to exporting raw materials, semi-manufactured articles, and foodstuffs,

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the effect of her expansion on the industries of Europe would be much less formidable; but she is now sending across the Atlantic almost every kind of manufactured goods, from motor cars to boots, which in spite of tariffs are competing with the products of Europe in her own home markets. This implies that America is producing more cheaply, and that in spite of a level of wages which no European country can approach. The American workman, who is usually nothing but a transplanted European, enjoys a standard of comfort which his fellow tradesman in France or Germany, or for that matter in England, is very far from having attained; and yet the American employer is able to sell his manufactures at prices which compete with those of Europe, even after paying toll for transport across the ocean.

What are the conclusions that may be drawn from these facts? Though the war explains much, it is only a partial explanation. The vast natural riches of the United States are again only one element in the problem. If they had been left to be exploited piecemeal by the inhabitants of the regions where they are found, their development would never have reached its present level. A large part of the secret of American wealth lies in the fact that it has been systematically and scientifically exploited by the concentrated energy and the united capital of a hundred and ten million people. There is no doubt whatever that, if Europe's resources were developed on the American scale by the organized effort of her three hundred millions, they are capable of very much greater development. There is oil in Rumania, copper in Serbia, iron in Spain, which are as yet very partially exploited for fear of admitting foreign capital. Then again, the general level of European farming is extraordinarily unequal. If, as Naumann points out, the efficiency of the laborer in Hungary, Galicia, and the other agricultural districts of Eastern Europe were raised by better education and the introduction of modern methods, not only would the production of cereals be enormously increased, but the poverty would be eliminated which has driven hundreds of thousands to emigrate to America. It is the higher intelligence and the better organization of its farmers which have made the United States the greatest agricultural country in the world, quite as much as the fertility and the virginity of its soil.

What is true of the farm is almost equally true of the factory. The secret of high wages and low prices, which form the gospel of American industry, lies in mass-production methods. For the success of these methods a great assured market is indispensable. This the United States possesses because it is the largest free-trade area in the world and because the average purchasing power of its inhabitants is greater than in any other country. In Europe, on the other hand, no manufacturer can reckon safely on more than his own limited home market. The markets of other countries may at any moment be rendered inaccessible by tariffs, by import prohibitions, or by subsidies imposed at will by foreign Governments. The scale of his production is therefore necessarily cramped, and with it the possibility of reducing his costs. These restrictive measures have greatly increased as the result of the war, as they have been multiplied not merely for the protection of the national manufactures and in the interests of economic self-sufficiency, but also for more or less military motives in order to preserve 'key industries' with a view to another war.

The result of this policy is thus summarized by the *Reichsverband der*

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Deutschen Industrie, the representative federation of German employers, in a recent pamphlet outlining the principles which in their view should guide Germany's economic reconstruction. 'This high-tariff policy leads ultimately to an unnatural and uneconomic rise in the general price level in Europe and to rendering European production incapable of competing with American in the world's markets.' The soundness of this conclusion can hardly be disputed. In it lies the principal explanation of the fact that, despite sea transport, tariff walls, and depreciated exchanges, American goods are flowing into the markets of Europe in ever greater quantities and competing successfully with her homemade articles. In spite of all obstacles and the impoverishment of Europe, the United States exported 415 million dollars' worth of finished manufactures to us in 1923, instead of an average of 209 million dollars in 1910–14. Taking the same periods, America's total exports to Europe have increased in value by 728 million dollars, while Europe's exports to America have risen only to the extent of 321 millions. No doubt there are other elements, such as better organization and a more thorough application of scientific method, which have to some extent accentuated America's industrial progress, but these things are secondary to the incalculable advantage which her economic unity gives her over Europe's disunion. That this is at the root of Europe's weakness is now gradually becoming realized not only in Germany but in wider circles. Mr. Walter Leaf, in his last presidential address to the International Chamber of Commerce, insisted on the same point in these words: —

> The whole standard of living is lowered by the artificial restrictions on human efficacy. A European Trade League would have open markets on at least the same scale as those of the United States, and would thus be able to compete in production on equal terms with that vast area of free-trade intercourse. National jealousies force us here to employ in suicidal trade struggles the efforts which should be concentrated on the general advancement of human well-being.

The disease having been diagnosed, the search for remedies has already been undertaken. So far two lines of advance are being explored — the reduction or elimination of trade restrictions, and the creation of international trade arrangements to prevent cut-throat competition. The International Chamber of Commerce has itself given the lead by appointing a strong committee of business men to study the whole question of trade barriers. The *Reichsverband der Deutschen Industrie* has set up a similar committee to examine 'the altogether welcome idea of a European Customs Union' and to consider how far it is practicable within any reasonable period of time. The same tendency may be found in Labor circles, which have always been more open to ideals of international coöperation. In March last an interesting meeting took place at Brussels between Socialist deputies of Belgium, France, and Germany. After two days' discussion it adopted a resolution from which the outstanding feature may be quoted: 'The economic interdependence and interpenetration of nations prove the necessity for commercial agreements which will familiarize the peoples with the idea of a European Customs Union as a factor in a general scheme of international economics.'

Progress is, meanwhile, being quietly made in the direction of international combinations and arrangements in particular industries, with a view to avoiding price-cutting wars and to securing a rational division of the avail-

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able markets. International trusts and cartels have in the past been usually regarded with suspicion and alarm, but with the growing intensity of commercial intercourse they are becoming necessities of modern economic life. They existed in a number of trades before the war, and already exert considerable influence in attenuating the effects of unlimited competition. A distinction should, however, be made between the international trust, consisting of a parent body with satellite companies under different national registrations subject to its complete control, and the international cartel representing a working agreement between the national organizations in a particular field. The former is not really an international organism at all, as the policy of the whole is determined by the interests of the head, which may be contrary to those of the countries in which its branches are situated. The latter, however, is a voluntary association for the mutual benefit of all concerned, in which the interests of each national group receive their due consideration.

The Atlantic Shipping Conference is an example of an association of the latter type, having as its object the prevention of ruinous cutting of Atlantic freight rates. Another instance may be found in the recently revived agreement between the producers of steel rails in Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, and Luxembourg, by which the export quota for each country has apparently been fixed on the basis of its productive capacity and each has agreed not to invade the others' home markets. Lastly, negotiations have been on foot at various times between French and German industrialists for securing coöperation between Lorraine and Westphalia, which really form a single economic area. Though as yet these negotiations have not been brought to a successful issue, the pressure of mutual advantage is so strong that in time a working agreement seems almost certain.

We have traveled a long way in quest of M. Briand's Utopia. Every stage of the journey, however, has furnished some fresh proof of the need for unity in Europe, if she is to maintain her material prosperity and her position in the world. We have seen that the latter is no longer what it was. Other continents are beginning to seek and to obtain their place in the sun. On the other hand, if European reconstruction were dependent simply on the growth of good-will between its peoples, its prospects would be distant and obscure. There is, however, a more potent force already at work, which is likely to prove a much more effective international cement than the propaganda of peace societies or even the fear of war itself.

All politics are largely determined by economics, and, without pretending that the enlightened self-interest of the economic man is the final criterion of good, there is no doubt that it exercises a very profound influence on the actions both of individuals and of communities. The economic tendency of the age is unquestionably in the direction of larger and larger units. Just as in industry the small factory has been overshadowed by the big industrial enterprise, so must the small national economic unit be eclipsed by the organized productive and financial power of a continent. The United States has already developed a supernational power. Unless Europe can do the same, the doom of her economic pretensions is certain.

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THOU THAT KILLEST THE PROPHETS. I[1]

BY ROBERT DE TRAZ

[We print here extended extracts from what promises to be a most fascinating volume by this well-known author, to appear shortly under the title, *Le Dépaysement Oriental.*]

To pass from Africa to Asia is to cross a narrow canal in the blackness of the night and to find on the other bank the same desert that you have just left. A tiny railway station is there, empty and wrapped in slumber. Not a soul in sight. Along a quay, silent in the nocturnal solitude, electric lights burn merely for the pleasure of great beetles that hover around their milky globes, beat against them, and fall back dazzled by the glare. For several hours, until the train arrives, all life is summarized for me in these milky-white globes and the tapping and fall of bewildered insects.

At length we depart into a landscape of featureless obscurity. Eventually the sky begins to lighten in the east — a gray dawn reveals villages of mud huts, metallic palm trees, hedges of huge cacti. Then the road forks. We cross a commonplace plain and enter monotonous hill country. Fatigue and ennui take possession of me. Are we to have a shower in this valley which contracts into a precipitous gorge? All of a sudden, when I bend my head to get a glance upward through the window, I see on the top of a rocky ledge a fire lifting a long column of smoke toward heaven. A signal fire? It must have been here or hereabouts that David conquered the Philistines.

People of Protestant education add to the tradition of Greece and Rome the tradition of the Bible, and thus in a manner possess two antiquities. It enriches a culture to join to the lessons of Athens and Rome those of the two Testaments — with their record of hope, sorrow, and sin; their heroic sagas; their insistence on a wisdom that is never too proud to worship; their dialogue, constantly interrupted but constantly resumed, between God and His creatures. Our religion was born under the palms. It is there we must seek its primitive concepts and its essential themes. To live according to the Scriptures is to open through the Catechism a perspective toward the Orient. It is to contrast our littleness with a majestic grandeur. Above all, it is to saturate ourselves in poetry. What a wealth of imagery thenceforth illumines, for all time the memory! The counting of the flocks, the dance before the Ark, the bitter herbs eaten the day of the Passover, the dripping sacrifices.

Sometimes a word suffices for such an evocation: Land of Gilead, Rock of Horeb, judges and patriarchs, Nephthalim, the daughter of Jairus, Paul at Corinth, the black tents of Kedar, jubilation and despair, panting pleas for justice, glorification of the All High. And this: —

The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

[1] From *La Semaine Littéraire* (Geneva Liberalist weekly), *May* 8, 15, 22, 29

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Or this: —

> Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
> And why art thou disquieted within me?
> Hope thou in God.

Or yet again: —

> He was oppressed, yet he humbled himself and opened not his mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb; yea, he opened not his mouth.

That evening, wandering down the long corridors of the religious house where they receive visitors so kindly, I could not repress a feeling of wonder and joy. Is it true? I am at Jerusalem? Jerusalem! And I repeated, first *sotto voce*, and then aloud, that name so replete with associations.

I had pronounced that name with reluctance at Port Said when buying my ticket at the railway station. They ought to have another title for the sacred city on such occasions. Je-ru-sa-lem! One unrolls the heavy, sonorous syllables like a necklace.

Jaffa Gate. It commands the roads from Jaffa and from Bethlehem, both of which make a steep ascent to reach it. At its side towers the still loftier Citadel, and at its feet huddle busy fruit sellers and Arab cafés where men seated on low taborets gossip and play dice. A constant stream of Bedouins, Jews, asses, and automobiles passes to and fro; and likewise ancient vehicles, with tarboosh-capped drivers, which threaten to fall to pieces whenever they turn a corner.

At this focus of radiating roads one's eye instinctively turns toward Bethlehem, in the fold of the hills. Around and beyond it rise other hills, which recede in successive undulations to the horizon and insensibly lead the vision toward the distance. One of the most effective qualities of the scenery here is this of drawing the gaze constantly to the vanishing point of the horizon. In its remoter reaches the stern landscape assumes delicate tints that vary with every shifting of the light. A few straggling villages, scarcely distinguishable from their stony background, are half hidden from the view. Not a tree or a patch of green breaks the monotony. The country rolls away in harmonious undulations until it vanishes, at infinity, in pale atmosphere — a sort of gentle and perpetual mirage.

Did the Franks or the Mohammedans erect the lofty crenelated walls that enclose Jerusalem? You enter them by narrow gates where soldiers eye you sharply, hucksters accost you, beggars besiege you — and not long ago even lepers waylaid you. This city has a formidable threshold.

Once inside, what a tangle of irregular streets! They ascend, descend, slip under arches, become stairs, and end abruptly at blind corners! Some of them accommodate with great difficulty a disorderly crowd — voluble, scuffling babooshes on the pavement, beating donkeys, leading dromedaries. In front of the open booths little groups cluster, chat interminably, make purchases, drink, and block the way, and then disperse after a noisy wrangle with some passing driver. But turn a corner and you are in solitude, surrounded by a sort of haggard silence, by yawning empty houses filled only with débris. A single wayfarer acquires almost startling importance between these dead façades.

It is impossible for the visitor who sees Jerusalem for the first time to divest himself at once of his preconceived ideas. She is more than a mere group of buildings — a mythical and a mystical city, a rendezvous of faiths, and a focus of spiritual reveries even more than of pilgrimages.

To-day I behold her with my mortal eyes. I touch the stones of her walls. They are solid and substantial under

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my hand. I was told that I should be disappointed. No, I am disturbed rather. What discomforts me is the joviality of importunate peddlers, the loquacity of hucksters, here where everything ought to be transfigured. I am offended by ubiquitous offensive odors, by a lack of lucid emphasis, by a profusion of commonplace details, oftentimes sordid. My veneration finds nothing to employ it, and I am at a loss to discover something to which to pay reverence. Jerusalem is not waiting for you; she does not welcome you. She is repellent, almost hostile. It is useless to lavish on her tributes of enthusiasm or admiration. Far better bring her a heart filled with pity.

For in truth the history of this city is a tragic chain of disasters. Jews, Philistines, Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Persians, Arabs, Turks, and Crusaders have in turn taken her by assault, pillaged her, and destroyed her. No sooner has she been rebuilt than she has again been devastated. Nebuchadnezzar sacked her and carried her people into captivity. Titus left her in ashes. Hadrian sought to obliterate her very memory by building a new city on her site and calling it Ælia Capitolina. Other holy cities have enjoyed more or less respect. They opened their gates to pilgrims, and when the enemy knocked at their portals they admitted him, to be converted at their feet. But stern, fanatical Jerusalem has always been a fortress, quick to repel the uninvited guest. She has resisted obstinately to the last. When attacked her people have savagely fought back their invaders, retiring from quarter to quarter, paving the path of their retreat with their corpses, and leaving the conqueror no booty but that of the sepulchre. Her obstinate heroism has never served aught but to aggravate her disasters.

Some say this is God's punishment on a wayward race. Possibly; but Christians and Mohammedans have suffered at Jerusalem no less than those of other faiths. When the Crusaders took the city by assault, they made such a massacre of Saracens that the blood rose to the breastplates of their horses. A little later, after prodigies of valor and faith, the ephemeral Latin kingdom of which she was the capital vanished miserably in intrigue and treason. As for the Turks, they sank here into their worst degradation. So, whoever were her masters, Jerusalem, that should have been venerated above all other holy places, has been the most humiliated and the most brutalized of all the cities of the earth.

Not only has she been sacked twenty times and visited on innumerable occasions by pest and famine, not only have her conquerors burned her Temple and cast down her towers, but her enemies have so disfigured her that to-day it is impossible to identify her old features. And to all this is added the apathy of her inhabitants, their lawlessness, their filth, and perhaps a taste for deceit begotten of their misery — as if, in their debasement, they had come to take pleasure in their deformities and their wounds. Rubbish has collected in the Valley of Kedron until it is filled to the brim. At one time Jerusalem sat on two hills; now there is but one. When Omar captured the city the site of the Temple was covered with such a mountain of refuse that he personally cleared away a portion to set an example to the others. All the southern part of the old town has disappeared. On several occasions the location of the walls has been changed. Deforestation and the destruction of the reservoirs have transformed the appearance even of the surrounding country. The land is honeycombed with caves and secret galleries. Ancient fishponds have been

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discovered in the heart of quarters that were believed to have been entirely built over. And in many places the soil gives back a hollow sound when you stamp upon it with your foot.

So in the midst of all this uncertainty and conjecture your suspicions are awakened. The very tragedy becomes excessive. Story runs into story, and even in the plaint of Lamentations there is something just a trifle artificial. The most noble memories of the three religions are too often commercialized, trafficked in the market place, used to gratify credulity and to profiteer on the simplicity of faith. Such is true greatness in decay. Is it mere mud, or is it truly blood, that encrusts these ancient walls? Jerusalem, groveling in her dust and filth, city of mythomania, home of imposture, both holy and profane — or, rather, self-profaning! Jerusalem, who 'weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks'!

The Holy Sepulchre. From the first day I hunted for it, but for a long time in vain, losing myself in a labyrinth of streets and inquiring for it without being understood. I imagined it would be a church opening on a large square; but in this case too Jerusalem plays one of her tricks upon you. The Holy Sepulchre is a little church crowded tightly in between lofty convent walls in a lonely, sunken piazza which you reach either by going down a hidden stairway or through an arch so narrow that but one person can pass through it at a time. There, at the bottom of a tiled pit, which is broken by a few more steps where Greek priests are dozing, and under the shadow of a lofty neighboring minaret, I at length beheld the façade of the Holy Sepulchre.

You would say the building was half blind, because one of its entrances is walled up so that it looks like a native afflicted by ophthalmia. Its bell-tower has been demolished, several of its sculptures are broken, but it still looks honest and plucky under the Asiatic sky — with its brave Romanesque architecture, aged and furrowed, but sturdy and upright like a gallant old gentleman.

In front of the portico is an inscription on the pavement which arrests your attention for a moment. At the very entrance of the church delivered from the infidels, a tablet marks the burial place of a Crusader. What an unexampled privilege for that warrior! Whereas so many others fell fighting wherever death chanced to meet them, leaving their bones to the caprice of chance, this knight sleeps across the threshold of his Saviour, whom he in turn sought to save. And all the pilgrims of the Christian faith will pass across his last resting place, and there will drop a prayer, or at least a thought, in his behalf. Has any man ever more completely attained his goal? Could there be more absolute success? Buried in the very spot upon which his hopes were centred, there to rest for all eternity!

We enter. Only those whose ardor has been kindled in advance, or whose faith is blind, will be inspired by what they see. How could they fail to be shocked by this frightful derision, by this false and banal luxury, by this jumble of interior constructions that arrest and repel the visitor, by this negation of all life and inspiration, by these bazaar lamps and theatrical jimcrackery and garishness? When bare simplicity would have been more touching and appropriate than aught else, the Tomb and the Calvary have been clothed with marble, and smothered under chapels, as if in an endeavor to hide the Christ and to keep at elbow-length those who come to Him. I could not overcome a feeling that an

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effort had been made to distract attention from the essential, to divert interest to trivial and accessory objects.

Here is the tomb of Adam, with his skull; there is the tomb of the soldier who thrust his lance in the Saviour's side; and the tomb of the Empress Helena. Yes, they even show you the precise centre of the world! And the Chapel of the Calvary is crowded with horrible ex-votos — artificial flowers, false-metal candelabra, and even a cross of the Legion of Honor pinned to the breast of a wax Virgin. The Sepulchre itself, whose authenticity, as we all know, is far from certain, is in the centre of the nave, enclosed in a little edifice, at the entrance of which stands a Greek priest, jingling coins in his hands and shamelessly begging 'Baksheesh!' 'But ye have made it a den of thieves'!

No pilgrims. The big seasonal influx of the faithful is over. Only tourists, who are led around in weary files, each carrying a candle on account of the steps and dark corners, so that they look like worshipers in a service. Your eyes follow them, as they wind away in long lines through the shadows, by the flickering flames that light their course, and imagine devotion where there is nothing but curiosity.

This morning the Greeks have held a gaudy service. I saw two long columns of priests, each of whom carried a bouquet of flowers, entering the church. Then the Latins followed — Franciscans with some women trailing after them, passing from chapel to chapel and kneeling down and chanting. They had not finished their circuit when the Armenians appeared in their turn, a little troop in pointed hoods. Each procession kept jealously to its schedule. Meetings between them are avoided lest they fall to fighting. Everywhere the smoke of incense, but everywhere this spirit of rivalry. There is too much of the priestly atmosphere, of conscious and organized priesthood, touchy as to its privileges, intent on tithes and tips, conducting the faithful over a cut-and-dried itinerary, parroting conventional formulas with its mind on something else.

Undoubtedly a true spirit of worship abides in many of the faithful who bow and kneel here, who murmur half-audible prayers, who press kisses on the very paving stones. But what are we to think of the Easter ceremony, when a mannequin constructed to represent the Christ is carried into the church and crucified there? Or of the famous fire-miracle, that flagrant imposture where the candles carried by the orthodox Patriarch are supposed to be ignited by a flame received directly from Heaven? There is too much connivance among the shepherds of the flock. At best the poor human soul beats its wings in vain, without being able to rise very high. Is it the rôle of priests to keep it on the ground? It is well to prostrate the body, but only in order to elevate the vision.

In the evening I come to sit and meditate in the little court in front of the Holy Sepulchre, which is surrounded by lofty convent walls. The twilight is already deepening. Several Greek monks have gathered at the Fountain of the Hundred Steps. On the roof of one of the convents some Abyssinian Christians are squatting, their black guileless countenances alight with touching faith. Just, then a flock of sparrows, as black as they are, suddenly appears from nowhere and begins to circle rapidly around the narrow square, uttering sharp cries. Now and then they fly higher, emerging for a moment into the brighter light above, then descend once more as if they were captives in this narrow court. The whole air is vibrant with their

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protesting cries. Finally, as the last redness faints from the sky, their agitation ceases, and they vanish as mysteriously as they came. Have they escaped by the path of Heaven? Or have they resigned themselves to a resting place on earth?

In the old days the Russians used to come here in great numbers — twenty-five thousand pilgrims a year, I am told. But their cathedral with its bell-towers, their hospital, their school, and their dispensary are closed or are occupied by Government offices. The only inmates left are one archimandrite and a few old women. I have strolled this morning among these low greenish-violet buildings, still covered with Russian inscriptions in black letters, have tried to reconstruct the picture of those chanting throngs in their blouses and high boots, their eyes aflame with an ecstasy of faith, and I reflected how much their absence aggravates the melancholy of Jerusalem. Orthodox Church bereft of a comforter! Martyr Church, whom Europe callously watches writhing under the lash of her persecutors!

A little farther on I stumbled upon the Armenian quarter. I thought this part of the city an image, a memory, perhaps the sepulchre of a great religious persecution, of defeated national hope. Here the Armenians took refuge in their terror, as behind the walls of a fortress. Their Church of St. James, with its brilliant faïence and its charming and reverently wrought Genoa screens, is cruelly empty. The courts that I entered, and that make me think of armory squares, were deserted. A convent and a cemetery with closed shutters! Where are they, the remnants of this race, massacred almost to a man? In front of an orphanage — for such Armenians as survive are almost entirely orphans — little boys and girls were playing, with alert countenances and brown eyes, whose first glimpse of God's world was in the midst of blood and rapine. They did not seem indifferent to their tragedy, even when playing and running about under the ancient umbrella pines. Their childish voices awoke a faint echo in the oppressive silence of the great courtyard. What a tiny group to be the seed of a renascent nation! Europe, have n't you even a tear for this Armenian Church, to whom you have so shamelessly lied, and who, behind walls in which she hardly dares to trust, lies expiring in Jerusalem, the city of lamentations?

Greek monks, bearded and magnificent, carefully groomed, with liquid eyes like those of romantic Christs! I cannot help thinking that they carefully nurse their beauty. Tawny and black-robed, and without a particle of white in their apparel, they have a funereal aspect. You see them everywhere entering and leaving buildings, like great jet crickets, important, well-fed, solemn, with their long gowns and high caps. Their majestic demeanor is not repellent; it may even be ingratiating — particularly, I am told, for an honest fee. But who is cynical enough to slip a few piastres into the hands of one of these personages, of whom even the humblest has the air of a patriarch? The Roman Catholics do not love them, claiming that they are self-indulgent and extortionate, and that they prey upon innocent pilgrims. They are even said to fill bottles with black smoke and sell it to trusting devotees as 'the darkness of Egypt.' On the other hand, the Greeks are equally critical of their Roman brethren. But this perpetual rivalry and wrangling and clerical bitterness are not inspired by spiritual fervor or indignation; they merely express the jealousy of the market place.

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MR. U[1]

BY PAUL MORAND

'PARDON me, Mister, is this 489 Fifth Avenue?'

'Yes; don't you know how to read?'

'No, sir.'

'Think of it! And after all that the Democratic Party has done for the people!'

It was three o'clock in the morning. Mr. Doolittle had left Texas Guinan's joint and was trying to go home. It was raining. Forgetting the low ceiling of the night club, the red-light district, and a ferocious cocktail made of fruit juice, dynamite, and eau de Cologne, he had just turned into Fifth Avenue at this late hour in order to drive his automobile down the large open street, when a man on the sidewalk signaled to him to stop. Mr. Doolittle put on the brakes, turned his head, and just missed a lamp-post. He got out and swore, but was really delighted at having another excuse for not going to bed. A tall, thin Chinaman was standing before him, dusty, covered with spider webs, and feebly protected from the rain by two old straw jackets shaped like chasubles and tied together with string. He was leading a white rooster on a leash. Mr. Doolittle thought that the fellow must be beating up trade for some hop joint, and started to continue his progress, when the Chinaman went on as follows:—

'Excuse me, sir; I am poor—very poor. I have come to ask you a favor that will cost you nothing. My name is U. I am not a New Yorker, nor am I a man of the present day. I come from Kansu and the ninth century.'

Mr. Doolittle was so drunk that he found it quite natural to be accosted on Fifth Avenue by a man a thousand years older than himself.

'Then you have come back?' he asked.

'Yes,' replied the Chinaman; 'and I am a pilgrim in need.'

'I am Irish, as you ought to be able to see,' said Mr. Doolittle. 'I adore spooks. What can I do for you?'

'Listen,' replied the spectre. 'I lived in the Tang dynasty, and died in the year 837 of your era. In China dead people are buried with little clay figures which, as soon as they are put into the ground, come to life and render services to the corpse. My tomb included the traditional servants, dancers, fierce-looking warriors, dromedaries shot through with green enamel, wild boars, horses made of red clay—a magnificent company just like that which I had left behind me on earth, where I was a member of the Academy and honorary Viceroy of Kansu. These images watched over my sleep and my meals, according to the usual rites. As bad luck would have it, they were very beautiful.

'There is a Chinese proverb that says, "An ugly woman is a family treasure." The same thing could be said of funeral statuettes, because they are coveted for their beauty.

[1] From *La Nouvelle Revue Française* (Modernist Literary monthly), *June*

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Two months ago, about the time of the eighth moon, a New York merchant, who was collecting local antiquities, took advantage of the state of anarchy into which Kansu has fallen to open my tomb. His attention had been attracted my way by the number of allegorical inscriptions and by the richness of the mausoleum. I designed it myself when I was alive. Eighteen astrologers had previously consulted about the choice and orientation of the site, which they had selected from among a hundred others with the aid of a magic compass and mirror. No star above and no dragon beneath was going to disturb my repose.

'One morning, while the light was blinding me, I heard someone knocking, and I saw leaning over me a little black man, dressed in a gray jacket and white gaiters, with a rose in his buttonhole. His hair was like the fleece of a newborn lamb. Behind him was a four-wheel cart, like yours, without horses and full of bags of money. This fellow, who dared to bring the world of light into the world of darkness, had, through the medium of his buyer, offered a bribe to the local subprefect and was carrying away all the little statues that decorated and guarded my tomb. When, like the foxes in our legends who enter houses and take away whatever they want, he had robbed my sepulchre, he rushed across the sea with his booty in a steam junk.

'Sir, from that time on I have not known what it is to rest. The dead people about me, knowing that I am now defenseless, have come and stolen my possessions — castor oil, ginger tea, perfumes, and the candles which my descendants still piously burn. I have to go out to eat. I have become one of those begging ghosts which every honorable Chinese looks upon with horror, I am reduced to eating chicken tripe, dead cats, and lice off my own body. I have to slink around the abattoirs where they kill pigs and extend myself — I, a Viceroy! — flat on my stomach and lick drops of blood from the dust in the street. And I have n't even mentioned the riffraff of ghosts who frequent my sepulchre and with whom I am obliged to associate in order to live — sailors lost at sea, thunderstruck peasants, coolies dead in foreign countries, or, what is more ignoble still, soldiers killed on the field of battle. As you can see for yourself, there is nothing left of me but a wire. My soul will never have the strength to reincarnate itself. Really, it is tragic. I cannot be promoted to a superior rank. I am a shade deprived of all posthumous advancement.'

The Chinaman opened his straw jacket. His bare breast was transparent. Through it Mr. Doolittle saw a skeleton, and just around the skeleton a green ring, — the astral body, — and through this body the brightly lighted windows of the Hotel Plaza.

'Having searched extensively,' continued Mr. U, 'I have discovered that my thief is called Willy Judesheim, and that he lives in New York. My quest has been particularly difficult, because during the day I must remain motionless in my tomb. Only at night am I able to pursue him. Now the hardest part of it is over. I have found his house. But where can I lodge my protest? In China a gong is hung at the door of a mandarin, and when a person with a complaint hits it the official is obliged to hear his case and pass judgment on it. I see nothing of the sort in America. Where is your justice?'

'I know nothing about it,' replied Mr. Doolittle. 'I have told you that I am an Irishman. I am a politician.

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I arrange my affairs without resorting to justice.'

'And take note, sir, that I have not even got the resources at my disposal to take revenge on Mr. Judesheim. I cannot commit suicide in the customary fashion in front of his house, because I am dead already. If I were alive I should naturally take this course. In order to be as disagreeable as possible to him I would hang myself in the most painful manner. To hold him publicly responsible, I would stick a speech for the prosecuting attorney in my boot, or even, as the height of refinement and in order to spoil his case utterly, I would write about my suicide on my own skin. But this is all impossible. Therefore I am reduced to having to arrange my affairs with your aid. So may I ask you again: Is this really number 489?'

Mr. U pointed his lean finger to a huge Renaissance palace in the Tudor style, made of brick and stone, that bore no resemblance to a house of business except for two yew trees and a beautiful marble plaque, as discreet as a visiting card, on which was written: 'Willy Judesheim. Expert and merchant of antique Chinese relics.'

'Here we are,' went on the ghost after Mr. Doolittle had deciphered the inscription for him. 'We must act quickly. I feel lost in your far-off country where houses have more than one story, where women have huge flat feet, and where one never meets a yellow llama or a camel. This is what I await from you, O living man: you are going to shout the following phrase in Chinese: —

'"*Yu-tche li-k'o Chang Kan-su k'iu. K'inn tse.*"

'This means, roughly: "This rabble, by Imperial order, will go back to Kansu at once." At the words "by Imperial order" my clay guards, who date from an epoch when inferiors still respected their masters, will obey and rearrange themselves within my tomb. But it is essential that you and not I should speak, because, as you perhaps do not know, authority over infernal beings extends only to living people, and a phantom has only a phantom of power. The prestige of the living man remains intact, especially if he gives his command by Imperial order.'

Mr. Doolittle saw that he could not get into Mr. Judesheim's house, for the doors were watched by detectives and protected by burglar alarms.

'Only go as far as the wall,' said the Chinaman. 'My servants are on the other side. I can see them. They are all grouped in the marble hall on the ground floor, arranged in the high windows. Not having a sword, which is so useful to intimidate spirits with, you might brandish your umbrella and face the four points of the compass, as the old lore recommends. Then breathe deeply, hold your breath as astrologers do, and, above all, shout very loud indeed.'

'*Yu-tche li-k'o Chang Kan-su k'iu. K'inn tse,*' shouted Mr. Doolittle twice, in as loud a voice as if he had been addressing a public meeting.

A terrific hubbub at once broke out. The night porter tore out of the Plaza. Policemen on motor-cycles rushed to the scene, followed by newsboys and street walkers. Then a deathlike silence.

'I thank you, sir,' said the man with the straw jackets. 'As you see, the white rooster on my leash, who is himself the companion of phantoms, begins to show signs of anxiety. The time for his first crow is at hand. I must return to my body and my profaned tomb. For you who are alive, it is twenty-five days' journey from here. For me, it is a matter of a few seconds, thanks to the aid of infernal

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powers. Be so good, in the meantime, as to accept with my gratitude this little present.'

With these words Mr. U deposited in the back of Mr. Doolittle's Ford a very heavy silver bag which, he assured him, was tied with a thousand strings. Then he pulled his decaying jackets about his shoulders, led his rooster after him, and walked as far as Central Park, where he disappeared under the gaslight.

Mr. Doolittle went home. After having hit the wrong story several times, he at last found his room, the door to his room, and the keyhole of the door. He put the sack of money under his bed and went to sleep.

He woke up next morning in bed with all his clothes on. The *New York Times* had arrived. There he read, in big headlines, that the house of Mr. Judesheim, the eminent exporter, had been broken in upon during the night and that a unique collection of ancient Chinese valuables, for which the Boston Art Museum had recently offered a million dollars, lay in pieces on the floor, while the rarest objects of all, which were the funeral statuettes lately brought from China, had disappeared.

Mr. Doolittle then remembered that he had put his recompense under the bed when he went to sleep. He reached beneath and lifted the bedclothes halfway up so as to be able to raise the heavy sack more easily; but to his surprise it now weighed hardly any more than his newspaper. He jumped out of bed, grabbed a pair of nail scissors, and opened his treasure. The sack was full of slivers of gilt, which at first glance he mistook for confetti from Texas Guinan's joint, but which were in reality that fictitious paper money that in China is left with the dead.

EVEN THE RAREST DAYS

BY M. LYSTER

[*Irish Statesman*]

Even the rarest days, the days of tremulous gold,
The days of the flowering thorn, the days of enchanted heartsease,
Creep from the hoarding heart, and are as untold,
A murmur, a breath in the trees.

Even the splendor of stars, all golden lights that are shed,
Are faint and dim in these eyes that see but an earthy sod
Where the light of one rose trembles down, one rose that is red,
All that I see, that many another calls God —
A flower most bitterly shed.

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CLEMENCEAU AND DEMOSTHENES[1]

BY GEORG BRANDES

[ONE of the many famous friendships terminated by the war was that between Brandes and Clemenceau. When the French statesman's recent book on Demosthenes appeared, Brandes, feeling that it was not all that it should be, wrote the following review, which reads an allegory between the lines.]

DURING his whole life Clemenceau incessantly visited Greece — its mainland, and its numerous surrounding islands. The nature of the country, its history, its art, and its literature, all engrossed him. Greek civilization, at its height, always seemed to him the flower of European culture.

Through the united efforts of Poincaré, Marshal Foch, and the Archbishop of Paris, Clemenceau was defeated in the Presidential election after the close of the war, though he himself was at no moment in doubt of being elected by an immense majority. Subsequently he retired from active politics, and has closed his political career with a lively, enthusiastic glorification of Demosthenes, the most famous orator in recorded history.

Yet in his book Clemenceau does not praise Demosthenes as an orator. Quite the opposite, the speaker is pushed aside to make room for the statesman. He emphasizes Demosthenes' ability to understand, to will, and to act. The art of oratory was, as Clemenceau quite correctly sees and states, only the means of influencing people into political action. As we know, Demosthenes was by no means a born speaker; he had much to overcome before he succeeded in training his tongue and developing his voice. In this respect he does not compare with his opponent Æschines, whose oratorical art was congenital. But Demosthenes' strength lay in his indomitable will power. Æschines' eloquence was supple; that of Demosthenes had the massive effect of a pestle pounding in a mortar.

There is nothing comparable to the contempt that Clemenceau feels for that part of the population of Athens which apparently existed for no other purpose than to come together and listen to rhythmic sounds issuing from the speaker's rostrum. Mastery in the art of oratory he detests. Hence he unjustly denies his hero this skill that is to himself so entirely inconsequential.

To Clemenceau, Demosthenes is the great, perhaps the greatest, patriot, who as a chieftain was able to command, and who found the Athenian people obedient soldiers. Later he met with increasing opposition, since at that time his countrymen were not only the best equipped nation in the world intellectually, but also the most frivolous and fickle of people. They were so devoid of any internal cohesion that their strongest inclination was to massacre each other. They were so easily influenced by an enemy's flattery and open-handed bribes that they forgot their greatest citizen as soon as they heard anyone talk fast and loose about liberty, independence, and patriotism. With the most absolute indifference they saw this man exposed to violence and deceit, heard him attacked right and left and slandered from every direction, and appeared wholly satisfied with the treacheries of which he was the victim. At last they had him accused, convicted, and compelled to become a fugitive. Then, to escape the fearful revenge of his

[1] From *Politiken* (Danish political and literary journal), *May* 30

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enemies, he killed himself. Not until after he was dead did they erect a bronze statue of him in the square of Athens — a redress too long postponed to give him any satisfaction.

To one who is acquainted with the author, this book, which merely emphasizes Demosthenes the politician at the expense of Demosthenes the orator, will give less an impression of an ancient Greek than of an aged Frenchman surveying his own busy life and attempting self-justification. He stresses the idea of risking all to raise the courage of a defeated people in its hour of crisis. Demosthenes' aim was to dispel the fear of the well-trained and heretofore victorious armies of the Macedonians and to induce his countrymen to stand fast and gain the victory, regardless of the means employed.

Clemenceau's admiration for this aspect of Demosthenes is boundless.

Conversely, Philip of Macedon and Alexander the Great are considered utterly pernicious. Perhaps Philip, in spite of a certain superiority, was a great intriguer, but it is surprising to find Alexander treated with indignant scorn.

The explanation seems to be that Demosthenes, who through the power of the word fought for Greek civilization, also labored for that future civilization founded on the Greek. Demosthenes, then, represents the fruitful future. He contains within himself the holy fire of the conquered Titan chained to the Caucasus mountains — of Prometheus, prototype of all fire carriers. Philip and Alexander, on the other hand, represent to Clemenceau only the past; at death their absolutism sinks into impotence, their conquests collapse. The work of Philip, Alexander, and later of Napoleon, disappeared like everything else that is wrought by human hands, except art and science.

It is surprising to see so conspicuous a political writer place such decisive importance on mere force. What if Philip was murdered by Pausanias at the moment he stood at the height of his power, a power not wholly material? What does it signify that Alexander took sick and died very young, or that Napoleon was overwhelmed by allied Europe?

Philip did not lack achievement; he made of the disdained and barbarous Macedonia a great power. Alexander made the first attempt to fuse Europe and Asia, and he founded Alexandria, which still exists. Napoleon's system of law was a mighty progressive step for his time. He also ended the excesses of the Revolution and transformed the mind of the French so much that the effects of his work are still present.

What would be left of Demosthenes' fame as a statesman if he were to be judged by results? He tried in every possible way to cross Philip's plans, but Philip gained the victory over the Thebans and the Athenians at Chæronea. This city, which had allied itself with Athens on the persuasion of Demosthenes, Alexander leveled to the ground. And so completely did Alexander subjugate the proud Athens that it pledged to deliver up the orators who had agitated against him and Philip Demosthenes stood first on the list, but Alexander was quickly pacified, and was responsible for no ill that befell him.

In the eyes of Clemenceau, Philip and Alexander are nothing more t[han] Macedonian barbarians with a varnish of Hellenic culture. On[e] the impression that the Maced[onians] are a symbol for the Germans, [in] the estimation of this author a[re], know, barbarians with a va[rnish] European civilization.

Had Philip been a bar[barian]

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could hardly have written the following letter: —

PHILIP to ARISTOTLE: Greeting!

Know that a son has been born to me. I thank the gods, less because they have given him to me than because he has been born during your lifetime. For I am in hopes that if he is educated and moulded by you he will prove worthy of his father and worthy the land over which he will sometime have to reign.

It is not difficult to lay rash and less handsome acts at Alexander's door, but against them there stand to his credit so many wise, high-minded, and grand achievements that all who are impartial will refuse to call him a barbarian.

Throughout the whole book we observe this emphasis on love of country, especially as exemplified in the form of sacrifice, as the chief human virtue. This love, earthborn though it is, should, we are told, assert its superiority before rootless cosmopolitanism. It is above all meritorious when the country in question is Hellas, mother to all modern civilization.

But Alexander, like Cæsar and Napoleon, was a citizen of the world. Of course, he was a Macedonian, not a Greek; but his language was Greek, he slept with his Homer under his pillow, and he had Aristotle for a teacher. It is rather dangerous to present him as a barbarous contrast to the Greek spirit.

No one who has stood upon Pnyx can ever forget Demosthenes. No one who as been familiar from boyhood with s speeches can fail to understand t behind these words stood a great who decisively influenced his mporaries and whom posterity with veneration. Nobody cares about the attacks and coarse calumnies to which he was exposed. He reaches high above his countrymen, like a monument whose base is so strong that the pillar itself cannot be shaken. His name itself is fame.

It seems, however, as if he is belittled when he is treated, not as an orator, but as a statesman. It would be more reasonable for the important author not to use Demosthenes as cover and symbol for himself, but to find his proper lode star in an Hellenic policy that aimed to bring about the union of all Greek-speaking stocks. Demosthenes' politics were unquestionably high-minded and patriotic, but mainly mistaken; yet to any observer not thinking of himself his worth as man and orator would remain incontestable now and to future generations.

Clemenceau's most cherished cliché in this book is that dangerous word idealism. The idealism of those hostile to the Macedonians resulted in the most splendid Greek cities, the homes of so much irreparably lost culture, being laid waste, whereas they could probably have been saved through realistic politics — that is, through politics that never lost sight of facts. Philip and Alexander were great but short-lived phenomena. By avoiding the dangers that they threatened, Hellas might have been preserved undamaged for centuries to come. The war politicians, with the achievements, the ideals, and the honor of their forefathers in mind, ventured all in the spirit of Demosthenes. They lost the game and squandered what they wanted to preserve. The real greatness of Demosthenes lay in a domain independent of his detestation of Philip and Alexander.

He was a great leader, but not a wise one.

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THE WANDERING ELDER[1]

BY DESMOND MACCARTHY

[THIS article is a review of Mr. C. K. Munro's new play, *The Mountain*, which has just been produced in London. *At Mrs. Beam's* and *The Rumour*, by the same author, established his reputation as one of the most promising young British dramatists.]

The Mountain, Mr. C. K. Munro's play, which the Stage Society performed on Sunday and Monday last, is a very long but not a very helpful play. 'The theme is the conflict between authority and freedom, both in the life of the individual and as embodied in the struggle between despotism and democracy in society. It is the story of a man of immense powers, and how he came to discover the only way in which such powers can be rightly used; and of a people, and how alone they can find freedom.' So runs the description of it on the publisher's wrapper, covering more completely than most 'blurbs' the intentions of the dramatist.

Now what is your first reflection on reading such a summary? That the author of *The Mountain* has probably flown higher than he could roost? You are right.

When some day my hours are numbered and a few young dramatists are gathered round my bed to catch the last whisper of the old critic, it is not likely that I shall be able to convey the sum of my long theatrical experience. Far more probably I shall only be able to pant out a hint or two. 'You cannot think too much, or feel too much, or attend too closely to technique.' (I can picture the glances of disappointment at this commonplace.) 'Though thinking may take away again the themes it has suggested, and feeling often make you foolish, and technique use up your time. But' (here I shall rally my remaining strength), 'but *if*, after thinking and feeling about life as profoundly as you can, you are inclined to express ultimate wisdom through the mouth of a "Wandering Elder" — don't. I will go further. I implore you, in that case, to scrap and begin again.' I can imagine this emphatic injunction, if not attributed to a wandering mind, provoking the eager question, 'But what *is* a Wandering Elder?'

'A Wandering Elder, my children,' I shall reply (you see I am optimistically projecting this sad scene far into the future), 'is a figure born of an earnest imagination, impressed rather than inspired by its theme. It is not uncommon for prose writers and poets to turn themselves into Wandering Elders. When projected by a dramatist the Wandering Elder is usually a pale old man with a fuzz of silver hair and the vague but hopeful gaze of one in the habit of seeing through stone walls. He is usually dressed in a garb which at once suggests no denomination and all denominations. He speaks slowly and with great forbearance. He is without fear. He has passed beyond this dim spot, the world, but presently he will reveal — in the last act — its secret. Master of himself, he is master of others, especially in argument; for his spiritual power is nowhere more clearly shown than in preventing objections to his views which occur to the audience from rising to the lips of his interlocutors on the stage.

'In short, the Wandering Elder is a Bore. But that is not why, my children, I warn you so urgently against him. He is a symptom, a sign, that however

[1] From the *New Statesman* (Radical-Labor weekly), *June 5*

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earnestly and enthusiastically you have envisaged your theme you have not plumbed it. That is why I implore you, if you ever find your imagination tending to create a Wandering Elder, to scrap your work and begin again. Mr. Shaw — you remember Mr. Shaw, Bernard Shaw, G.B.S.? — had a near shave of creating a Wandering Elder in the shape of Keegan in *John Bull's Other Island* — a near shave. I am too weak now to explain how he avoided it. Shaw was a very remarkable man. We journalists used to call him "inimitable." "Indispensable" would have been a better word. He had lived honestly, — superbly honestly, — tried this way out and that way out, and kept his courage and his laughter free; and having lived through many predicaments, he got to understand how one kind of man came to consolidate himself in one position and another in another without wanting to push on. He saw round Father Keegan as well as Broadbent and Larry. I see you don't even know what characters I 'm talking about. Well, Shaw did n't want to refute Keegan, but he saw round him — understood how much Keegan left out. And this is the point — the Wandering Elder is essentially a figure his creator has *not* seen round. He sums up; he is the incarnation of the author's own uncriticized aspiration, and — heavens! how invariably, how unutterably, he lets us down! Beware, beware, my children, of the Wandering Elder.' At this point I shall allow myself to sink back upon the pillow.

Mr. Munro's play is unfortunately dominated by a Wandering Elder, and, of course, the wisdom he dispenses gets us no further. And, since events in the play are more or less arranged to bear out the Wandering Elder, even when probabilities are strained in making them do so, I have not a good word to say for *The Mountain* as a whole. Passages in it are excellent, and types in it are amusingly and vividly drawn (Bolckow, the labor leader with 'twenty-five years' experience as revolutionary leader,' the Grand Duke with his absorption in astronomy), but the technique is very cumbrous. Cumbrousness, too, was the fault of *The Rumour*, which was, however, a far better play. *The Rumour* was a better play because the scenes and their sequence had greater plausibility, and because it was an analysis of war psychology and not a play which aimed at revealing the ultimate significance of life. It was more modest in scope, and nearer, though not very near, to fact in actual statement. Mr. Munro describes *The Mountain, or The Story of Captain Yevan* as 'a symbolic drama.' Now when a dramatist does this it is a shy way of saying, 'Don't, please, suppose I 'm such a fool as to think this is the way things actually happen. Only if they did happen thus it would be easier to understand them.' We reply that it certainly would be. But, while we may appreciate any subsidiary excitement or humor which such a play may offer us, we must perforce lose interest in its theme. What really interests us is to see what the nihilistic and superb idealism of a Wandering Elder comes to when brought up against actual fact. We know that people with a turn for professional preaching, whether on paper or by mouth, can earn a living by dispensing vaguely ennobling doctrine, sometimes a good living, sometimes a mere pittance; but what we want an artist to show us is what happens if all proceed to act upon that doctrine.

This Mr. Munro does not do. Mr. Munro's story is a story of a young aristocratic officer who knocks his orderly about for a wager, is justly reproved by a Wandering Elder, and, after being told he is a coward to hit a

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defenseless man and that he dare not punch a monk, punches a monk. The result of this is a court-martial, before which the defense does not make half enough of the provocation. The presiding officer, instead of saying to the young Captain Yevan, 'You are a very silly young man to have allowed yourself to be provoked into a technical assault upon the Church by this silly old soul-saver,' sentences Yevan to a heavy fine or degradation to the ranks. Yevan chooses degradation, and, unable to stand the humiliation of being knocked about, strikes an officer, is flogged, becomes a revolutionary. An industrial lockout leads to half a dozen workmen being shot by soldiers, and that to a social upheaval. Yevan rides the storm; the civil revolutionary committee — the T.U.C., so to speak — is flotsam for a moment on the top of the wave, and is soon engulfed. Yevan finds himself faced with the problem of bringing order out of chaos. He has two comrades, different revolutionary types — Zasha, a Jew, whose doctrine is that if you believe men to be good they become good, and Denkin, who believes the social order must be entirely destroyed and that thus out of complete chaos a better world *may* grow. Both in different ways believe that it is hopeless to try to control a revolution. Zasha is shot, asserting no man is cruel enough to shoot him; Denkin is imprisoned by Yevan. Yevan, imbibing the doctrines of the ex-Chancellor, governs as an autocrat.

Then the Wandering Elder again crosses Yevan's path and points out that he has failed to give the people freedom. Yevan is a Lenin who has substituted a new tyranny for an old one; he has moved a mountain and sat himself upon the top. He has failed because he has yielded to the instinct to dominate. Prompted by the Wandering Elder, he surrenders his authority to the popular assembly, who throw up Bolckow, who throws down Yevan.

We soon hear the jingling of the carriage bells of the returning Archduke: the *status quo ante*. Yevan is discouraged. The Wandering Elder explains that, though he has failed to conquer freedom for men, he has achieved the only conquest possible — conquest of himself. Men must be ruled by authority; the only authority which leaves them free is the Voice of God within them. He must become a preacher. And what does that Voice say? At this point, much more interesting than any other, the Wandering Elder failed us.

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South African Dutch

AFRIKAANS is the name given to the Dutch dialect spoken in South Africa, which differs widely from the Nederlands tongue used in Holland. The fact that it resembles Flemish more closely than it does the native language of Holland disposes of the theory that it is merely a provincial patois. To be sure, the sources of its vocabulary are mainly Dutch, but it also includes words from German, French, English, Portuguese, Hottentot, and Malay. No less than three quarters of a million people in South Africa speak and write this hybrid language, which is taught in schools and used in public documents.

Where Afrikaans is at its best is in folk poetry and popular songs. The following verse shows what a contributor to the London *Outlook* is pleased to call 'the irrepressible high spirits of the backveldt.'

> Tarara-boom-de-ay,
> Oom Paul het 'n vark gerij,
> Af geval en seer gekrij,
> Op geklim en weer gerij,
> Tarara-boom-de-ay.

Omitting the untranslatable first and last lines, this exquisite little offering means, 'Uncle Paul rode a pig, fell off and hurt himself, climbed up and rode on again.' But when a bunch of the Boers really get together to make a night of it, they do not stop here. Likely as not, one of the more playful members of the party will burst out with, 'Bobiaantje klim die berg (The little baboon climbs the mountain),' 'Ag, Oom Erasmus, se tog ja (Oh, Uncle Erasmus, do say yes),' or even, if he is very far gone, 'Daar's sij weer, daar's sij weer, met haar rooi rokkie (There she is again with her little red skirt).'

Luckily, not all South Africans are quite as frivolous as these gay lyrics might lead one to fear. Soon after they had been gathered into the fold of the British Commonwealth of Nations, ex-President Reitz published an anthology of sixty-two Afrikaans poems, the earliest of which dated from 1875. The President himself was something of a bard, and played a prominent part in the movement to preserve his native language.

The best of the South African poets is Mr. Jan Celliers, who fought through the Boer War, traveled in Europe afterward, and then returned to his native veldt. The English find his verse rather too sentimental, except when he is describing nature. Poets writing in Afrikaans have the doubtful advantage of being able to experiment with a new language, and, though their efforts cannot be compared to the best European literature, they are quite as respectable as similar attempts in the dialect of Scotland.

The whole business, however, reminds one somehow of the French clown Grock, who on being addressed in English asks his interlocutor why he is speaking Spanish. The man informs him that it is not Spanish but English that he is speaking, whereupon Grock demands, with outraged naïveté, 'Pourquoi?'

Epstein Again

NOT content with baiting the British public with his statue of Rima in the

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W. H. Hudson bird sanctuary, Mr. Jacob Epstein has put forth a whole exhibition of sculpture, which is raising nearly as much commotion as his first single offense. The indignant art critic of the London *Morning Post* says that 'It pays to advertise' is the creed of this upstart who dreams that

> . . . to be mistaken great
> And to be really great are just the same.

But this critic, not wishing to fall into the error that gives Mr. Epstein so much pleasure, lays about more venomously than most of his colleagues, who seem to agree that on this occasion the upstart has pulled it off successfully.

'With few exceptions,' says the *Morning Post*, 'the more important women subjects seem to suffer the fierce assaults of fate, resigned to the inevitable, as ordained by Mr. Epstein, yet with signs of longing to escape from his imprisonment of their souls and bodies.'

Like his master Rodin, he runs to rough, clotted surfaces, which are highly effective in certain cases, though the *Morning Post* feels that there is as much atavism as Rodin in the show. Most of his subjects are of the helpless kind, for Epstein seems convinced that, since indecency does not exist in nature, the thing to do is to become possessed with the idea of spiritual, mental, and moral debility. He boasts that his work has 'nothing in common with morality or beauty.' Luckily for the public, this is only one of the tasks that he has set himself and achieved.

Chesterton in Spain

BECAUSE its population is largely Roman Catholic, Mr. Chesterton might even announce that Boston is a jolly happy city, for he has the weakness of investing with his own attributes any object that, for one reason or another, he feels should enlist his sympathy. Just back from Spain, with its mediæval reputation, he naturally has discovered a nation of Chestertons. 'The Spanish,' he says, 'are very jolly, happy people, but they eat, rather on the principle of a boa constrictor, an enormous meal followed by a sleep.' One thinks, in some amazement, of Unamuno, of Ibáñez, of high-strung bullfighters, of jealous lovers, and military dictatorships; but perhaps Mr. Chesterton's imagination is as good as our own, so let us listen to what he says:—

'A great deal has been said about the backwardness of the Spanish people, but I cannot see that a century or so of sleep does anyone any harm. In fact, I came to the conclusion that a hundred years of rest is good for a nation. After all, the same criticism of being "retrograde" was leveled at the Dark Ages, and the Dark Ages were a sleep that was followed by all the glories of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. We are too fond nowadays of calling everyone "backward" who does not rush about in motor cars or blacken the sky with factory smoke.

'Spain has enjoyed a siesta of centuries, and I see signs now of awakening and development. There is an impression of great richness and fullness of life, apart from any commercial or scientific enterprise.

'The Catalonians are far more fussy than the rest of their countrymen. They are distinguished for what I can only describe as fanatical cleanliness. I found their rabid hygiene distressing. There seemed to be an uncontrollable impulse to scrub everything. As a matter of fact, I have an idea that they practised this extreme cleanliness merely to annoy the rest of Spain.

'One discovery I made was of a quaint but logical variant from the

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common European tradition of Santa Claus.

'I was showing a small Spanish child two tumbler dolls, bought in Madrid — dolls which produced in me an idea of peculiar uprightness of character, due to the impossibility of making them lie down. "Here," I said, "are Captain Taragon and Professor Paragon, of Aragon." "Oh, yes," replied the child; "I 've seen that kind before. The King brought me one at Christmas." I was a little surprised at this singularly personal mark of the royal favor, until I learned that "the King" was one of the Three Kings who visited the infant Christ with gifts at the Epiphany. It is the Three Kings who bring Christmas presents in Spain. The more homely Northern notion of a red-faced old gentleman descending a chimney is unknown.'

Russia in the Movies

BERLIN is having the privilege of witnessing a remarkable Russian film that one can only hope our high-minded authorities will not bar from Freedom's soil. It represents an incident in the Russian Revolution of 1905 on board a cruiser in the Black Sea Fleet when the crew mutinied. The picture is entitled 'Armored Cruiser Potemkin.' German critics have hailed it as a marvel. Even Douglas Fairbanks during his recent stay in Berlin so far forgot his allegiance as to subject himself to its sinister influence. Worse still, he was impressed; and one can only hope that this shameful incident, worse than any Hollywood bathtub party, escapes the attention of the watchdogs at Ellis Island. The action of the picture develops with what one correspondent vaguely referred to as 'cumulative force' through scenes of terror, tragedy, and beauty. Crowded houses have been witnessing its production, and the Minister of the Interior has refused to yield to the clamor of the Parties of the Right that it be suppressed. The law, he says, is that the film can continue to enjoy its prosperous run until it has such an effect on the audience that the normal quota of police are helpless to preserve order.

A Spanish Lenglen

WITH Miss Helen Wills out of the running, the English are looking to a beautiful young Spanish lady, Señorita d'Alvarez, to give Mlle. Lenglen a run for her money. To judge from the pictures of this newly discovered star, the judgment of any sports writer might well be unhinged; but if the young lady really is as good as she looks, the world's championship is undisputedly hers. She does not hit the ball as hard as Miss Wills, so they say, but she takes it on the rise, very quickly, after the manner of the graceful Norris Williams. She is extremely cheerful, speaks several languages, — including English, — dances, figure-skates, and can execute a hundred breaks in billiards. Her favorite phrase, on the rare occasions when she misses a shot, is 'Dash it!' Nothing could be sweeter.

The Big Tirade

AMERICAN movie fans have already read with astonishment portions of the diatribes that appeared in the British press apropos of 'The Big Parade.' We have naturally attributed this feeling to the fact that this film establishes American superiority in the art of the cinema — a subject on which the British are very tender — and at the same time mysteriously convinces them that we think we won the war — a subject on which they are tenderer still. How deeply the whole business is felt can be judged from the following pas-

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sage in the usually pro-American *Spectator*, which prides itself on an understanding of our benighted States: —

It is a pity from another point of view that Metro Goldwyn Mayer, the firm that made this film, did not realize that in sending 'The Big Parade' to England, to France, or to any Allied country, large sections of its potential audiences there would certainly resent, not so much the natural if childish insistence on the victory-winning value of the American army on the Western Front, but the military improbabilities, the cool, overpatriotic subtitles, and most of all one title in which the hero, chafing at instructions given him under shell fire, cries petulantly, 'Do men or orders win war?' It has always been assumed that all armies, even transatlantic ones, respect and obey orders, and it is rather stupid of the American firm responsible to test the temper of Allied countries with such poor diatribes. That no single French, English, or other troops took any part in the war is perhaps the impression of many Americans — the film seems to point this way. But it does nothing for the cause of Anglo-American amity to insist, as 'The Big Parade' does, on this point. Mr. Will Hays might explain this to the film people.

Mr. Bernard Shaw is being advertised widely as having said that he likes 'The Big Parade' because he is a pacifist. This must be a joke. The war was not a great game ending in twenty-four hours of fighting. No film dare show what it resembled. But to say that a sentimental and romantic war-film like this does anything in the interest of peace is madness. It wreathes machine guns in roses.

Poiret's Latest

THE recent meeting in Berlin of what the Germans quaintly refer to as the PEN-Klub gave the cosmopolitan *Literarische Welt* an unparalleled opportunity to elaborate its favorite theme of international understanding in the arts. Perhaps in order to drum up his Berlin trade, M. Paul Poiret — but there is no need to tell *Living Age* readers who he is — has added another spoke to its wheel. This enterprising arbiter of fashion put on a show for journalists during the session of the PEN-Klub, many of whose members sneaked in to see the fun. And by way of giving tit for tat, the M. Poiret has just issued the following statement for the benefit of the *Literarische Welt* readers, in the course of which he gives evidence of an interest in belles-lettres which will surprise even the readers of his ingenious advertisements.

'Everywhere in Paris,' says M. Poiret, donning the mantle of Sainte-Beuve, 'in the opera, among the bookstalls, in social gatherings — everywhere a lively and appreciable interest in Germany is manifesting itself. Is it a passing cult, or is it a deeper symptom? Yet even if it is nothing more than caprice, we French have been known to attach profound importance to such vogues. At parties, at concerts in the Sorbonne and the Conservatory, we hear the music of Strauss and Wagner. People are asking for translations of modern German literature, the names of Werfel, Thomas Mann, Kafka, and Wedekind are on our lips, and we see young people searching the book-stands on the quais for the works of German authors. A lively interest is springing up in men like Sternheim and Georg Kaiser, of whom we had never before heard. Perhaps this betokens the birth of a new era of world understanding.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Stewart Headlam: A Biography, by F. G. Bettany. London: John Murray, 1926. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

No more interesting ecclesiastical biography has appeared for a good many years than this of the eccentric clergyman who 'believed in the Mass, the Land Tax, and the Ballet.' And it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that no more important ecclesiastical biography has appeared for a good many years, for though Headlam was not himself a man of first-rate importance in the Church he touched most of the important movements and met most of the important men of his time. Yet, interesting and important as the book is, it makes sad reading. Were so much misunderstanding on the part of the authorities, so much tactlessness on the part of the single-hearted and enthusiastic young clergyman, so much heat and dust of conflict, really inevitable? What strikes one, as one reads the record of Headlam's fights, and defeats, is his almost superhuman power of putting himself in the wrong. Putting himself in the wrong, one says advisedly. For as a matter of fact he was almost always in the right. Again and again time has justified Headlam and confounded his critics. He seems to have had an almost uncanny power of being right, even when he arrived at his conclusions by false arguments and supported them in wrong and provocative ways. His attitude toward Bradlaugh and toward rationalism generally, his attitude toward the theatre and the music-hall, his views on technical education, and on continuation classes and recreative centres, were all so modern that it is hard to realize that he was born in 1847 and was licensed to his first curacy in 1870. And it is harder still to realize that men in high position in the Church held comparatively recently the opinions with which Headlam was confronted when he wished to recognize ballet dancers and music-hall artists as fit persons to be admitted to the Church's services and sacraments.

But no one will take up this book without finishing it. All sorts of interesting persons — the Chestertons, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and others — appear in its pages. Indeed the contribution of 'G. B. S.' to the defunct Socialist magazine, *To-day*, for April 1888, entitled 'Curious Extract from the *Times* for April 1st, 1900,' is alone worth the whole price of the book.

Spillikens: A Book of Essays, by George A. Birmingham. London: Methuen, 1926. 5*s.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

HERE is surely just such a book of essays as we should expect George A. Birmingham to write of England and the things and movements that are English — full of a kindly humor, tempered at times by a gentle cynicism; observing with keen but friendly eye the peculiarities in us to laugh at, the qualities to admire; marking where we are changing and where we remain the same; exposing our little weaknesses, sometimes sympathetically, sometimes with a ruthlessness which is not the less effective because it is kindly.

Hear Mr. Birmingham on education, with its irritating and useless demand from its victims for information on what happened in A.D. 1000. We have the best children, the best teachers, plenty of money and the will to spend it, faith enough to remove any number of mountains, and — our inspectors want to know what happened in A.D. 1000, a thing which only Mr. Arthur Hassall, of Christ Church, Oxford, knows. We have not the very vaguest idea of what we are trying to do, says Mr. Birmingham, and he sets out good reason for his sweeping assertion. There is good measure in this companionable volume — eighteen essays, varied in their subject from hauntings to the Catholic movement in the English Church (a thought-compelling paper, this), from changing England through hooliganism to literary 'reach-me-downs,' from a winter holiday to seasickness and 'howlers.' The book presents its author to us in a new but not unexpected guise, and its contents are of such quality as to render it a treasured possession.

That Kind of Man, by J. D. Beresford. London: Collins, 1926. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

'THAT Kind of Man' is always married and always has a love episode which is noble or sordid according to the angle of vision, but Henry Blackstone was more fortunate than most, probably because in middle life he was still a young romantic and had never gone over the edge out of romantic convention and romantic respectability. It is Henry who gives Mr. Beresford's story point and life. He uses his other characters very slightly, but they serve only to explain his hero, and more than once they seem to live

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through him and not in virtue of their own personality. Henry was forty-five when he began to realize he was middle-aged and not very successfully middle-aged, and the realization suddenly made him aware of the gulf that had grown between him and his kindred. It also made him aware of the fact that as a novelist he was a comparative failure, and so when he encountered the sympathetic Mrs. Thurlow the inevitable happened. Mr. Beresford contrives to make their love something at once pure and pitiful. That it was no vulgar explosion of repressed instinct, that it had its roots in what was best in both and was therefore beautiful, is proved by the way in which Henry solved its problem — by renunciation, which, thanks to its author's brilliant handling, makes the story ring true both psychologically and spiritually. Mr. Beresford's reticent and artistic treatment of it is beyond praise, and, whatever men of sterner and more selfish mould may think of Henry and his solution, his is a fine story, even a noble story, and finely told.

A Short History of Spain, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick. London: Harrap; Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1926. $3.50.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

THE author of this book makes no claim to being an historian; nevertheless, he has given us a work permeated by the spirit of history. It is, as he calls it in his introduction, 'an honest book,' and it is intended primarily for 'the ignorant and the indolent, for passengers in steamer chairs, bound on their first voyage to Vigo or Barcelona, for freshmen or sixth-formers that wish to learn, with the least expenditure of effort, whether or not Spanish literature is likely to be worth such attention as they can spare from football and social pleasures.' But he has done considerably more than this. He has succeeded in giving us a volume which, in the words of Professor Ford's preface, provides for beginners 'a general conception of Spanish civilization.' For a foreigner, and an Anglo-Saxon at that, he has succeeded marvelously in seizing the continuity of Spain through the centuries, comprehending even those long gaps, not only in historical dominance, but in art and literature, which are, as a rule, incomprehensible to those of his race. Spain, dominant for a century in Europe, only to sink 'to the horizon's edge,' has retained for this writer something at least of her pristine force. And always he respects her personality, even in comparative ruin. Mr. Sedgwick's book is an admirable introduction to the history, art, and literature of the Spanish Peninsula.

I Seek the Truth, by the ex-Crown Prince William of Germany. Translated by Ralph Butler. London: Faber and Gwyer, 1926. 21*s*.

[*Times*]

THE ex-Crown Prince has written a piece of propaganda the tendentious quality of which is indicated by its unctuous title and by the appeal in the preface to the 'spirit of fair play that is the common currency in the motherland of sport.' That Article 231 of the Versailles Treaty is a one-sided statement which history will modify is scarcely matter of dispute nowadays; nor is it overlooked that this emphatic attribution of war guilt is humiliating to German national pride. But the cause of truth is not forwarded by a new presentation of the injured-lamb theory of German policy, and a work which relies wholly upon published documents and not at all upon personal experience makes no fresh contribution to our knowledge. All it does is to reveal the workings of a narrow but by no means feeble mind, which exile has only embittered.

The detailed narrative is not carried through to 1914. There is in particular no adequate discussion of Germany's Near Eastern policy. In its place we are given a few scrappy chapters dealing with special points. By a wealth of statistics Prince William demonstrates that the successive German Army Laws — there were ten of them altogether in forty years — were no more than moderate attempts to correct an adverse military balance. He is also of opinion that Germany stood alone in her opposition to disarmament and arbitration at The Hague Conference because she alone had the honesty to vote as she thought. In this temper of comfortable self-righteousness Prince William approaches the final catastrophe. Austria-Hungary had a perfect right to secure guaranties for her future existence, and her ultimatum to Serbia was moderate in comparison with the British ultimatum to Egypt after the murder of Sir Lee Stack. As for the violation of Belgian neutrality, a prompt and decisive victory over France could be won by no other means. 'The march through Belgium was, consequently, an act of self-defense.' And even if it were not, England of all countries had no right to object, in view of her treatment of Denmark in 1807. With this last passionate *tu quoque* the argument ends.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Whither Russia? by Leon Trotzky. New York: International Publishers, 1926. $1.50.

THE answer, of course, is toward Socialism, and Trotzky draws on nine pages of statistics, which will be found at the end of the volume, to prove it. These figures, compiled by the Soviet authorities, show the state of industry, agriculture, banking, foreign trade, capital investment, and concentration of workers during 1924–25 compared with 1913. One statistical improvement originated in Moscow is to supplement these figures with forecasts for 1926, which, needless to say, show a pleasant gain over last year's records. Thus is the statistical department enlarged into a bureau for public inspiration. Judging from the rapid progress made since 1920, these optimistic surmises seem to be justified, and one is probably safe in agreeing that the Comrades have better times ahead. The question of the reliability of these figures naturally arises, and on that score Trotzky himself reveals a healthier skepticism than many who argue to more aggressive conclusions from no more accurate a basis than he does. The open-minded reader — if such a creature exists — will be likely to agree with many of the author's conclusions. Indeed, there seems little enough reason to quibble about the future of European capitalism, on whose ultimate collapse the success of Socialism depends. One is more tempted to refer Mr. Trotzky to Oswald Spengler, who points out that the victory of the city over the town has been the outstanding economic achievement of the French Revolution and of nineteenth-century Europe in general. Russia, however, is admittedly a different story, and, if the conflict comes, it is highly doubtful that the city will emerge victorious. Apart from this vital flaw — to wit, that Marxian economics, if true, applies only to highly developed societies — the book is competent, and valuable as throwing light on the present condition of Russia.

Two or Three Graces, by Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. $2.50.

SINCE the success of his inimitable *Crome Yellow*, Mr. Huxley has been taking himself too seriously. In *Antic Hay* his light satire, which had transfixed several specific characteristics of the day, gave way to more general and jaundiced disgust. *Those Barren Leaves* was a distinguished failure to return to the earlier manner. This new collection of short stories is, on the whole, a more hopeful sign. The gusto of the early days has definitely disappeared, but so has some of the heaviness of his later manner. Here we are back to human nature again, and, if the book does suggest preachiness at times, the sermon is not unbearable. The title story runs to more than two hundred pages, and describes two love affairs of a married woman. 'Describes' is, unfortunately, the right word, for Mr. Huxley overdoes the easy device of talking about his characters rather than letting them speak and act for themselves. The best story in the book is 'The Monocle,' in which an ineffectual young man gets mildly tipsy at an intellectual tea-party and finally stumbles away with a really Homeric bore. There are life, humor, and bitterness here. Two other brief tales complete the programme; they are satisfactory as entertainment, but not distinguished. Mr. Huxley's excellent command of English is alone reason enough for recommending the book.

Fathers of the Revolution, by Philip Guedalla. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1926. $3.50.

HIS Life of Napoleon III established Mr. Guedalla's reputation. Always clever, never brilliant, with his wistful Oxford manner just back from its week-end airing in Paris, he strives only to amuse. For he cannot ask anyone to take seriously these twelve cameos of Revolutionary figures — English, French, and American. There is nothing new or startling here, either in the facts or in the conclusions deduced therefrom. The style only is novel, and it has been seized upon by so many other clever young men that it too will soon be as *vieux jeu* as the substance. None the less, Mr. Guedalla has his admirers — for whose benefit, and for the benefit of all who may be curious, we shall set down several of his opening sentences. 'One is always tempted to treat Mr. Burke rather as an anthology than as an oracle.' 'It is, as they say, a wise country that knows its own father.' 'There is, as all people except inventors delight to say, nothing new under the sun.' 'Few persons, if one excepts the writers of historical plays, have failed to notice the dramatic qualities of history.' 'It is the essence of chivalry to interfere.' 'There is a charm in endings.' It is for such pearls of wit and wisdom as these that we read Mr. Guedalla.

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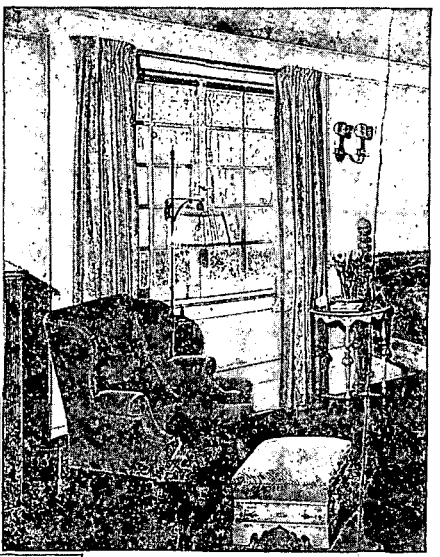

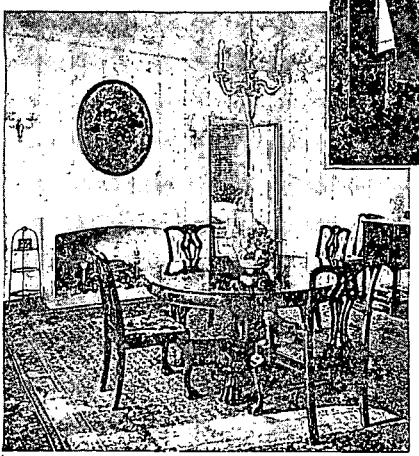

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